

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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ONCE A WEEK

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PETER PENELON COLLIER.

No. 22 West 14th Street, New York.

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We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

THERE is no cholera in Egypt.

THE *Victoria* court-martial began at Malta, July 17, under the presidency of the new admiral, Sir Michael Culme-Seymour.

MR. CLEVELAND will let the tariff alone for the present. There now, Messrs. of the protected industries, let us hear your Columbian Year Boom.

MR. GLADSTONE has succeeded in passing all the clauses, up to clause twenty-seven, of the Home Rule Bill, with the exceptions of those relating to financial affairs.

THE first article of the German Army Bill received a majority of eleven in the Reichstag. The victory is not considered much of a triumph for militarism in Germany. Count Herbert Bismarck voted with the Government.

MR. JOSEPH P. CLARKE, a Baltimore saloon-keeper who has been drawing twelve dollars a month pension, has given it up—that is to say, the pension. He says he has recovered from his disability. Score one for the Rum Power.

THE hotel-keepers of Chicago overcharging the public? Hardly. Only the other day the proprietor of three Fair City hotels placed them all in the hands of a receiver, who will probably eat up what the guests failed to carry away with them.

A GREATER proportion of single people than of married people are insane, and the bachelors are becoming uneasy. The statement is true, of course; but when it is considered that insane people do not marry, if the party of the other part knows it, the fact need not be so very alarming. And yet the bachelors are in queer company.

IT seems the Governor of North Carolina is about to pay back the famous hospitality of the Governor of South Carolina. A keg of beer has been shipped from Charlotte, N. C., to Charleston, S. C., by a brewer in the former city, and his agent at Charleston was at last accounts waiting to be arrested for violating the Dispensary Law.

RESIDENTS of houses in Brewsters, N. Y., which is in the Croton water shed, which were condemned by Commissioner of Public Works Daly because they were a source of pollution, still occupy them and do not seem as if they were going to move. And New York is threatened with all the dangers of a polluted water supply.

THE tramp steamer *Red Sea* arrived at New York from Bremen with eight hundred immigrants July 13. There was no sickness on board. Dr. Jenkins, health officer of the port, announced that the supercargo of the steamer *Ardanorm* and two of the crew of the *Leibnitz*, both of which are held at Quarantine, died of yellow fever.

SIX persons were killed and at least twenty injured in a railroad wreck at Newburg, N. Y., July 13. The West Shore express ran through an open switch and crashed into a freight train standing on a side track. Two engines were demolished and half a dozen cars destroyed. Many of the passengers were bound for the Catskills to spend their vacations.

DR. WYLL of Hamburg says that lager beer is a good preventive of cholera, and the Croton water of New York has been attacked by the brewers at this side with the testimony of experts that it is not safe for drinking purposes. Cholera and water will have to go. Dr. Wyll found that if a man drinks lager beer enough, the cholera will not kill him; but he must drink enough. The Croton water in like manner will not kill those who drink beer.

AMONG the large shipments of bones from Mexico to the United States recently made for fertilizing and sugar-refining purposes were ten car loads of human bones, said to have been obtained from ancient mounds in Southern Mexico, but more probably gathered from various old and abandoned cemeteries. Old or new, it makes no difference to the fertilizer men. All they want is bones. But should a civilized people use human bones to enrich the soil?

Of course it is useless to say anything against those

horrible lynchings that have recently afflicted the civilized world. It is rather unique, however, to hear of the Bardwell lynching party issuing a statement to the public to show that the victim was guilty. The Bardwell *Star* claims to have fixed his guilt conclusively. And of course that settles it! Capital punishment prevails in Kentucky.

GRIM-VISAGED war has not broken out in Europe, but a tariff war has just been declared by Russia against Germany in particular. As it became known that the Army Bill is likely to have a majority in the Reichstag, the negotiations for a commercial treaty between the Czar and Kaiser were broken off by orders from St. Petersburg. The treaty with France was at once concluded and signed by the Czar, and tariff duties were raised from twenty to thirty per cent. on imports from all countries not having a commercial agreement with Russia. Such particular friendship as this between France and Russia is not friendly to European peace.

WILL KINDNESS PAY?

"But after all what is our present state?"

"This bad and may be better—all men's lot:

Most men are slaves, none more so than the great,

To their own whims and passions, and what not.

Society itself, which should create

Kindness, destroys what little we had got:

To feel for none is the true social art.

Of the world's stores—men without a heart."—BYRON.

IN the far-off days, before the dawn of Christianity, it was "bad," but the germ of "better" was contained in those early conditions. How much better is it now? Is it as much better as it ought to be? Has society destroyed kindness, instead of creating it?

At the present day there are two opposing schools of thought and feeling on the question and work of ameliorating the condition of civilized man, and of bringing about, if possible, more equitable dealings among governments. On one side there are thousands of reform organizations and hundreds of thousands of earnest men and women, actively engaged in doing special work to make this world the more pleasant home of civilized man that it ought to be; on the other side are the stoics, not only among the rich, but among the very poor and the struggling, who ask no kindness for themselves and accord none to others. Following both of these opposing camps are spurious "reformers," theorists, and kind-hearted people whose kindness is shown in misguided philanthropy and unavailing heart-bleeding on the one hand, and an almost fiendish sympathy on the other, for the "poor wretches."

The new, or rather the highly novel and exceptional, order of things that prevails at this present time throughout the world has brought an all-powerful ally to the camp of kindness, consideration and equity, to strengthen the hands of all those who believe in and are working for the new civilization. We refer to that every-day, matter-of-fact, non-sentimental thing called business—there is any money in this thing? "Will it pay me?" Is the new civilization better for all parties in the deal? Will it work? To every one of these, and all other purely business questions that may be asked, an affirmative answer may be rendered in the light of reason and common sense.

No thinking person will dispute the proposition of GOLDSMITH:

"It forces the land, to hastening ill a prey,

Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

But we can supplement the truth of that immortal couplet with the equally indubitable proposition that the wealth itself—the great American millions of our day, for instance—will take wings in a land whose toiling millions are homeless and mere sojourners. It will pay millionaires to build their millions upon the solid foundation of a permanent, contented, rooted population. It will pay them to wipe out the slums. It will pay them to purify representative government in rural district, city, State and nation by building up a great, unpurchasable middle class of laborers and agriculturists. It will pay them to help the man who wants to help himself, in the work of getting a home for his children, that the voting population of the future may be at once contributors to the millionaire's wealth, respecters of the rights of property, lovers of honest dealing and faithful employees of the employer who pays them. These things may come under the head of kindness, and many "great men" do not like the word, though the Founder of the New Order never tired of preaching and practicing the thing itself; but it is an enlightened kindness, which literally and really will enrich the giver much more than the receiver.

Reckless waste, ruin and extravagance were never better illustrated than in keeping up in this enlightened age the old barbaric cry of, Every man for himself and let the weak fall by the wayside, if they cannot keep up; for, while barbarism could let the weak die, civilization cannot, must not, does not. Say nothing of a life wrecked, of perhaps a brave and honest soldier trampled in a temporary weakness, of an honest and industrious man who fell by the way because he was honest and industrious; but look at the question from the standpoint of dollars and cents. Good money has to be expended for the keeping of the vicious and depraved—why should one good man be allowed to fall or even totter beneath his burden? "The devil take the hindmost" will not do in these days. His satanic majesty does not always take the ne'er-do-weels and leave the good men in this race. The tough characters are often

at the head of the procession, "flying light" without chick, child or load. It is the good man who drops out, too often. Take care of him. Give him a chance to help himself. He may be needed another day.

As it is with men, so with nations and governments. International overreaching that can be a success is out of date. Modern appliances of warfare are so destructive that they will not allow nations to go to war on an extensive scale! And how contemptible is petty warfare, killing human beings for a few weeks and then counting the cost to see who will have the advantage and who must pay or give up a few acres of land or an idea! All governments are neighbors now. They must deal with each other. They must live in peace and justice, and they must rule their people justly, for the people will not stand tyranny. Two nations going to war now will simply enrich some other nation and impoverish themselves. Neither will gain. If Russia and France ever face the Triple Alliance, it will be madness. There is no issue worth such a conflict.

Why does not the United States try to stop those bloody revolutions on the south of us? A friendly calling together of those restless political chieftains down there, and a few reasonable guarantees secured by the concurrence and co-operation of other commercial nations, would surely hold them in check long enough to let the people feel what peace is like. A confederation of the different Spanish-American States and energetic measures for the development of the natural wealth of the continent would soon follow; and with something to do, and pay for doing it, the people of South America might yet be happy and peaceable. A very little kindness from this peace-country would go a long way in the great Southland.

Unless Europe is kind enough to fix an international gold-silver ratio we really do not see what is to be done with our silver question. We need more money here than we have, so it seems; and Europe has millions idle, so it is said. And we borrow from Europe. In paying back, our neighbors across the water are afraid we will ask them to take silver. It is the best silver in the market and we have mountains full of it, and it is a bit unkind on the part of Europe to slight the white metal on that account. Many a liberty-seeking, able-bodied son of Europe in New York to-day is glad to get even a nickel for a "shine," or a white dollar for a bunch of bananas, and why should his mother-continent be shy of the dollar? Would she rather have the nickel? Very well, then, fellow-citizens! Unless Europe gives us an equitable gold-silver ratio, after we repeal the Sherman Law presently, we will buy just five cents' worth of imported goods instead of the dollar's worth we have been buying. Next fall we will sell them our beef, pork, hay, wheat and corn-meal for gold. But let it all be in a spirit of Kindness. We will let them keep all those imported razors and clo's and things that are so much better than the American article, and will give them all they can eat and pay for in gold of straight American victuals.

Kindness will pay.

AS TO BRAKEMEN'S LIVES.

BY an act of the Fifty-second Congress, railroad companies have until January 1, 1898, to equip all their trains with automatic couplers and steam brakes. The title of the act declares that its object is "to promote the safety of employees and travelers upon railroads, by compelling common carriers engaged in interstate commerce to equip their cars with automatic couplers and continuous brakes, and their locomotives with driving-wheel brakes."

The extra session of Congress might profitably look into this act. The railroad companies might be asked, not in any aggressive, captious spirit, but with an eye single to more reasonable safety of employees, whether or not it is possible for the companies to equip fast "express freight" trains with these new appliances sooner than the time specified in the act. All the Trunk Lines have such trains, for perishable freight and time-contract freight, and the trainmen are expected to "get them over the road" at a speed that would astonish the non-railroad man. Let us have these appliances on fast freight trains now. The slower trains might wait—while the "specials" go by.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

AT a dinner in Brooklyn last March, in honor of ex-Secretary TRACY, Secretary of the Navy HERBERT expressed his determination to follow out his predecessor's policy of naval development. This is at once a very pleasant instance of official courtesy between one of the most efficient public servants we have ever had in this country and his successor, who promises to be equally efficient and energetic. And the navy is not likely to suffer if the Fifty-third Congress does its share in the matter of liberal appropriations.

But the incident is still more valuable and instructive as a good example. There should be no slashing around, no tearing down, no capping up things generally because they were done by the opposition. And the new Administration and the extra session of Congress are not likely to do any of these foolish things. A great deal of valuable work has been done

by previous Congresses and Administrations, and it will be the height of folly to do anything but add to and improve that which we already have of good.

FEDERATION IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE Pan-American movement was not buried in the grave of BLAINE. The safety of the great waste Southland demands the federation of the now torn and wrangling South American States. Bolivia, Chili, Argentina and Brazil are trying to come to some kind of an agreement. As usual, European nations are meddling and standing in the way. England is threatening from the Guiana gold-fields. Italian colonists are helping Brazilian rebels in Rio Grande do Sul. Chili and Argentina are in the clutches of English and German syndicates and bondholders.

Is it the policy of the present Administration to sit with virtuously folded arms while the efforts of Bolivia and her neighbor republics toward federation are openly opposed by European intrigues? Why can we not cultivate a feeling of "nearness" toward our neighbors on the south? It would not hurt or offend any of those great powers if we simply asked them what they do want down there, anyhow.

Would it?

FACTS FROM HAWAII.

MR. WILLIAM BREWSTER OLESEN of Honolulu speaks as follows in an interview with the Boston Herald: "The Provisional Government is in a stable financial condition. All the departments are moving along with great efficiency. Assurance of a stable Government for the future, under the direction of the United States, would be received by nine-tenths of the people with the utmost satisfaction. The Hawaiians of intelligence and ability are very largely in favor of annexation. It is only the more corrupt class among the Hawaiians, aided by a corrupt foreign class, very few of whom are Americans, who are using their influence to keep the great mass of the native population from joining the annexation clubs."

This gentleman has had better opportunities of observing the exact state of affairs, and is more directly interested in telling the truth about it, than any outsider like Mr. NORDHOFF of the New York Herald, or any insider like CLAUD SPRECKELS, who wants the Queen retained for revenue. The attempt has been made to persuade the people of this country that the Provisional Government of Hawaii is bankrupt and everything else disreputable.

The fact seems to be that England has been doing some very vigorous intriguing in Hawaii, was caught at it, and defeated at her own game by the Provisionals; and now the Provisional Government must be blackened, for England is always a hard loser.

The new Peruvian Minister, Mr. Caneyero, called upon Secretary Gresham July 13. He had heard nothing disquieting from Peru as yet, although some slight disturbances may be expected in the south as the result of the tour of the Presidential candidate, who is opposed to the present administration. On July 28 the Peruvian Congress convenes, but the elections, which will have an important bearing on the future of the country, will not be held before next January.

For the first time in the history of the trade every plate glass factory in the United States is closed, and that indefinitely. Fully ten thousand men are idle. The depression is attributed to overproduction, a tight money market and the arbitrary methods of the plate glass trust. It is the impression that the factories will resume work about the middle of September. Many of the glassworkers are in straitened circumstances and are entirely dependent upon aid.

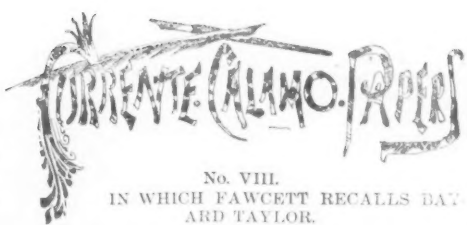
The Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company has until August 17 to accept or reject the proposition of the Rapid Transit Commission of New York City. As this proposition offers the Manhattan about all the rapid transit privileges on Manhattan Island for half nothing, it is likely the company will be ready by August 17, unless, indeed, the Manhattan has come to think that there is no danger of a rival corporation slipping in and taking the prize. The fact is, there is at present no rival in sight—and perhaps Mr. George Gould knows, or thinks, there is none likely to come into sight.

BRITISH forces now stationed at Davenport, England, have been ordered to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to colonial duty at Victoria, British Columbia. There is no cause for alarm. The red-coats will not harm the neighboring State of Washington. They may be coming to protect poachers in Behring Sea, if the Paris Tribunal should decide that the poachers have no right to do pelagic sealing there. Or they may be coming, just to stay at Victoria a while.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE HEROES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR FIRE.

WEAVE not a fading wreath
To mark the passing day;
Their names to history bequeath,
Whose glory lives for aye.
Nor let the wondering throng
With magic sounds be stirred,
But sing for them that deathless song
By mortals still unheard.
Veil, sorrow, veil thy face!
To them no tribute give,
Who dying, in their Christian grace,
Have taught us how to live.—ARTHUR J. LAMB.



NATURE, who makes all conceivable types of men, is sometimes peculiarly irritating. She gives us a man so talented and so energetic that the one golden boon of genius is alone lacking to him. Such a being, if I mistake not, was the late Bayard Taylor.

I never knew Taylor until within three or four years previous to his sudden and untimely death. After that I knew him quite well, and have always regretted that our acquaintanceship was so brief. I should say of Mr. Howells that when one is brought into his presence for any period one feels not so much the force of his intellect as the extreme kindness and loveliness of his nature. This was true of Bayard Taylor in an equal degree. I think he had less reserve, more real American "push" than Mr. Howells has, in a social sense. Whom he wished to know, I imagine that by quiet and wholly unaggressive means he succeeded in knowing. But I have never heard of his having striven to know any one from any worldly or self-seeking cause. Indeed, as it seems to me, his desire to meet any one always conveyed the compliment of some literary sympathy, more or less strong. I am sure, and I state it with all possible modesty, that he desired my acquaintance solely for this reason. He had liked some of my verses in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which, during the years of 1874, '75 and '76, Mr. Howells (then editor of the *Atlantic*) had been good enough to accept and print in large numbers.

But it was not until 1878 that I visited him, at his kind invitation. He then lived in a large apartment-house in East Eighteenth Street, not far from Lexington Avenue. His rooms were on the ground floor, and their ample space was filled with every charm of refined and tasteful appointment. His wife was a German lady of great dignity and sweetness, and his only child was then a young girl who had surely not more than passed her twentieth year, with a face brunette in its coloring, besides being excessively pretty, and a figure of the most graceful maidenly symmetry. After all his prodigious amount of traveling, Bayard Taylor had settled down into this peaceful and attractive home. On that particular evening he had several people of literary note as his guests, and among them was Mr. John Hay, the author of those world-famed lyrics, "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludsoe," a man gentle and genial, and full of a sly conversational humor which gave slight hint of the other beautiful and more serious poems which he had also written.

The company was refined and distinguished, though not fashionable. Bayard Taylor cared nothing for the "swagger" element of society, and if he were alive in these times of the plutocratic "Four Hundred" and the ultra-plutocratic "One Hundred and Fifty," I am sure that he would have regarded both with an indifference born of intellectual superiority, though never of the faintest unamiable contempt. His social position was of the best, in the best sense of these words. For years he had been an honored member of the Century Club, and his presence there was always hailed with joyful welcome. He had seen everything and been everywhere, and yet he never aired his amazing universality of experience with the least suspicion of self-conscious pride. He was an aristocrat only in one way—he revered the masters of literary fame when he believed that such fame had been justly won. A passionate admirer of Goethe, he showed us, that evening, the sword of the great German poet, which he treasured as one of his choicest relics.

I could never quite understand how a man of his wide and sensitive literary sympathy should not have cared more than he did for the poetry of Tennyson. But it is true that he never placed Tennyson in the first rank of poets. Perhaps he had been born a little too early for that; but I recall that he loved and worshiped both Keats and Shelley. It is my impression that the intensely artistic trend in modern poetry somewhat displeased him, and that he longed (as occasionally his own verses show) for an inspiration whose bounteous fervor now and then ignored technical restrictions without wholly neglecting them. Afterward, when I knew him better, I recollect an amusing incident which occurred at a little friendly supper in his own dining-room. We were eating savory things and drinking some excellent Rhine wine, of which Taylor, with his marked German preferences, naturally was fond. Something was said to him by somebody about Germany and his adored Goethe, and then, if I am not in error, one of the guests frankly admired the extraordinary knowledge of a foreign language displayed in his brilliant translation of "Faust." Smiling across the table, and with a humorous glance at her husband, Mrs. Taylor here said: "And yet, Bayard, you know that you can't write an ordinary German letter without misspelling it." For a moment Taylor looked annoyed; then he gave one of his wonted hearty laughs, and exclaimed: "Yes, it's perfectly true. I think I know the German language fairly well, but I somehow am a poor hand at spelling it."

This amazed me greatly, at first; but afterward, in thinking the matter over, it did not strike me as so strange. For I recollected two American literary men, both of the very finest capacity and both famed in their profession, who were decidedly precarious spellers of their own language.

Bayard Taylor's death was an infinitely sad one. He received, while in full apparent vigor of bodily health, the appointment of Minister to Germany. It was, as every-

body knows, a first-class mission, and the salary resultant from it was \$17,500 a year. The place could not have been filled more capably, as everybody realized. Congratulations poured in upon him from every side. He had then got well under way a life of Goethe, and the chance of now pursuing and completing this work amid surroundings of a most stimulating and invaluable sort filled him with enthusiasm. I was present at a meeting of the Goethe Club, which assembled to give him their felicitations and God-speeds. His wife and daughter were there, both with radiant faces. Mr. Parke Godwin made an eloquent speech of eulogy, to which "the guest of the evening" replied with simple yet thrilling gratitude. Later he did me the honor to single me out and join me in the supper-room, speaking of literary matters almost exclusively, and assuring me that these would always hold a foremost place in his heart and mind. New celebrity and distinction had not in the least turned his wise and honest head. In all my life I have never known a man who struck me as more sincere, genuine and noble. Little did I dream that I was then speaking with him for the last time. About six months later he died in Germany with great suddenness, leaving his cherished biography unfinished. Never was there a more untimely and pathetic end of a pure and lofty life! No wonder that his death was a sharp shock to our entire nation, and that thousands came to gaze upon his embalmed features while he lay for a day or two in state at the City Hall.

And yet in many ways Bayard Taylor's life cannot be called a failure. He never gained wealth, and the poetic renown which it is supposable that he keenly craved was only given to him in partial measure. Still, he lived, breathing the atmosphere of a perpetual high and fine ambition, and he died lamented by hosts of friends whom he had won, almost unconsciously, to revere the golden loyalty of his nature. As I have tried to say at the beginning of this article, it seems to me that he possessed almost every enviable gift except that of actual genius. His industry was enormous, his belief in his own powers firm and yet thoroughly wholesome. Only one capricious fairy was absent from his cradle when he first saw the light. But many others came and each of them blessed him with her beneficent kiss. Just why he did not reach the heights or pierce to the depths of his friends—Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson or Whittier—need not here be discussed. But that he gained their friendly affection and stood high in their literary esteem, carries with it a world of significance. Possibly his own time has been unfair in its judgments of his mental powers, and posterity may sooner or later right the wrong it has inflicted. But, even if he was not a great poet, he was a great and warm and splendid nature. And, after all, what grander epitaph could any one desire?

EDGAR FAWCETT.

"ONE OF US."

OUR next new novel will be "One of Us," translated from the German of Ossip Schubin by Mrs. Ellen Waugh. The scene is laid in Rome, the characters being mostly members of the Austrian diplomatic service and their families. The plot rests on the introduction of the Sterzl family, whom nobody "knows," into this aristocratic and exclusive circle, and its result on the fortunes of the beautiful and attractive young girl, Zinka Sterzl. The situation is intensely interesting, and the characters rendered with lifelike fidelity to nature. The seriousness of the narrative is enlivened with humorous incidents and the amusing gossip that might be looked for among a set of idle worldlings. There is a great deal of pathos in the closing scenes. The book is not one to be forgotten. Zinka and her brother are types that are likely to endure in the reader's mind. "One of Us" will easily rank among the best novels of our Library series. It will be mailed with No. 16, Vol. XI, of this paper.

THE CHICAGO HORROR.

NOTHING in recent history parallels the terrible features of the Chicago catastrophe, the burning of the Cold Storage Warehouse just outside the grounds of Jackson Park. The sacrifice of life in the destruction of so many firemen and others is a blow to the success of the World's Fair, while it is a most pathetic and sorrowful incident. The courage which led those poor fellows to their death is characteristic of American firemen, and is a trait seldom found elsewhere in civil life. Meanwhile, what can be said of the terrible responsibility which rests upon those who permitted so flimsy a structure, previously twice on fire, and refused insurance, to have remained open to visitors, death-trap as it was?—(See page 12.)

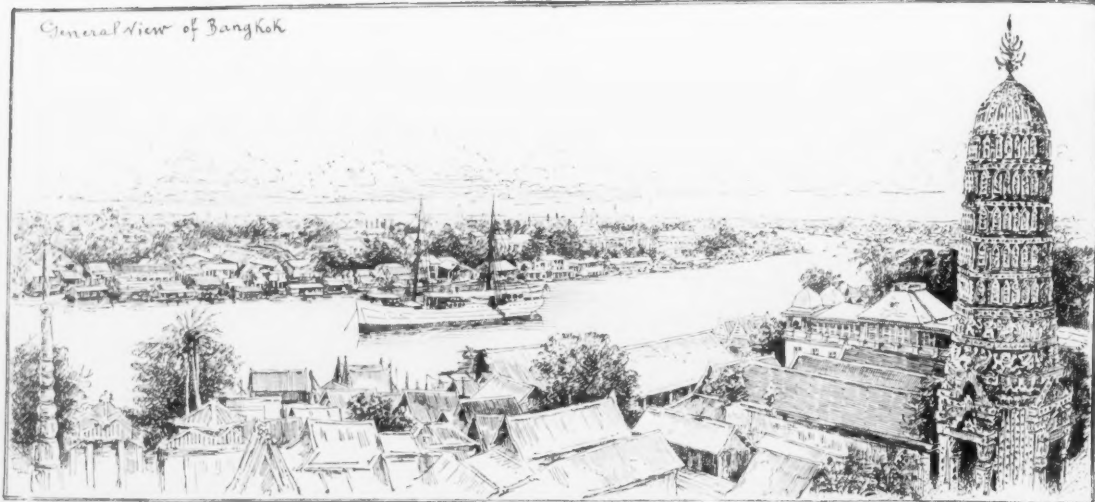
THE COWBOY RACE.

A MATCH, which was quite unique—which, in some respects, was an improvement in exciting features on the greatest recent race, either the great Berlin-to-Vienna race, or late bicycle contests—was the cowboy race to the World's Fair, of which our illustration on page 13 gives the concluding scene. It was no light or easy task, even for those "rough riders," and it is no wonder they were met with acclamations on arriving at their destination. The cowboys are an American institution, as the Cossacks are Russian, and quite as good riders; and it is right they should have their innings.

THE sealing case has been submitted and the decision will be rendered in less than a month. It is a very close case. It cannot well be decided in our favor unless the Tribunal takes the ground that pelagic sealing is tending to the extermination of the seal, and that something must be done to preclude that result. Either poachers must be kept out of Behring Sea, or the United States must be given power to pursue and capture all vessels sealing in Behring Sea during certain seasons of the year. The former would be asking too much; the latter is the contention of ONCE A WEEK. Let poachers escape if they can.



French marine
on guard



General view of Bangkok



King & Queen of Siam



Siamese frontier village

Types of Lachuan tribesmen now at war with the
French outposts



Rear Admiral Dumahy
in command of the French fleet in Siam



Siamese Sentinel



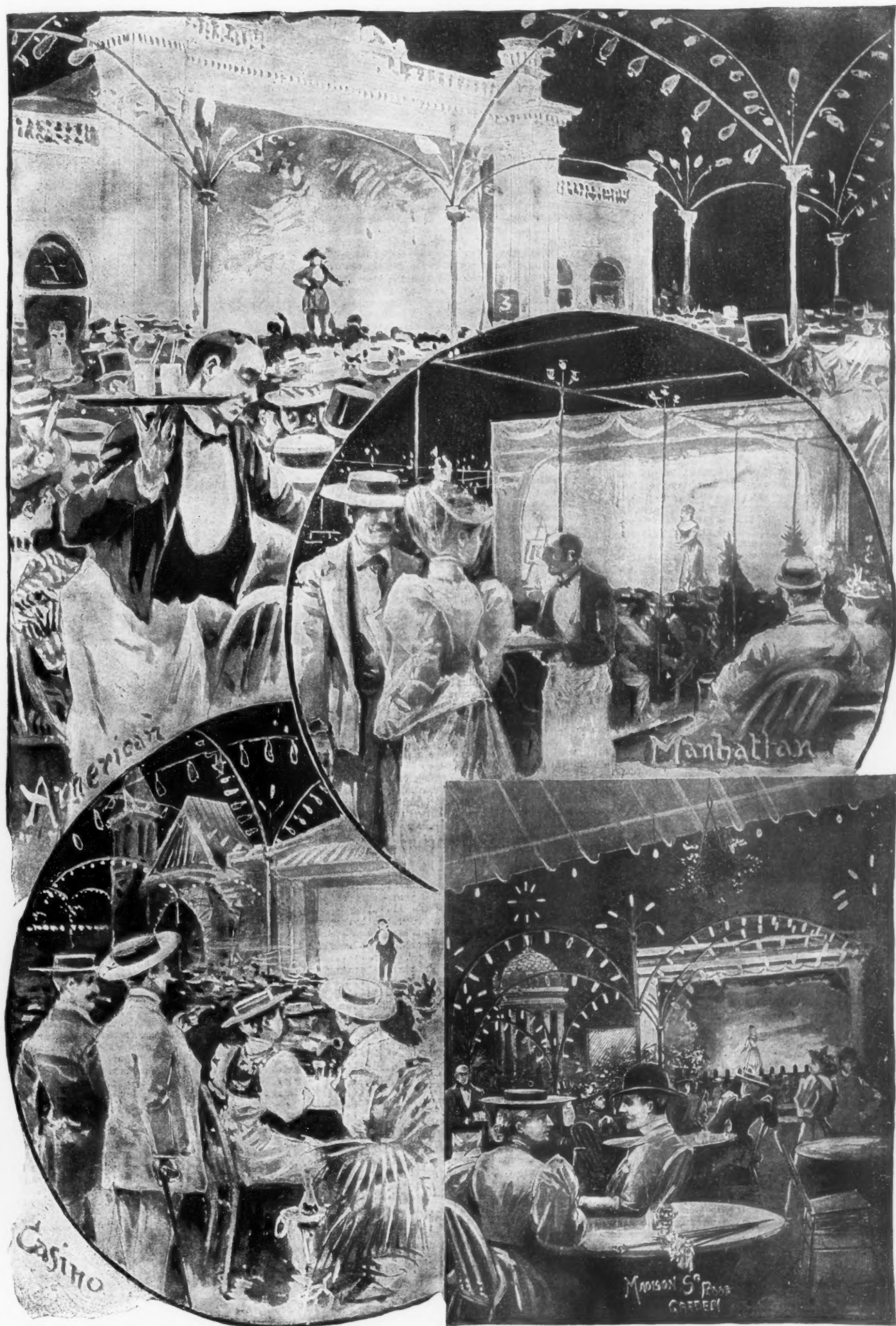
Royal
Palace
Bangkok



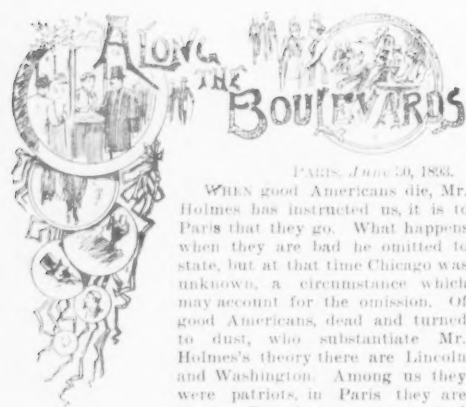
The principal
thoroughfare of
Bangkok

FRANCE'S MOVE ON SIAM.

(Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK by Valerian Gribayedoff.—See page 7.)



ROOF GARDEN SCENES IN NEW YORK.



PARIS, June 30, 1893.

WHEN good Americans die, Mr. Holmes has instructed us, it is to Paris that they go. What happens when they are bad he omitted to state, but at that time Chicago was unknown, a circumstance which may account for the omission. Of good Americans, dead and turned to dust, who substantiate Mr. Holmes's theory there are Lincoln and Washington. Among us they were patriots, in Paris they are streets. But there are many good Americans—the writer among others—who do not think it necessary to wait to be dead before enjoying such pleasures as the boulevards provide—they just take ship and come.

And what after all could be easier? You brush up a few necessary French phrases; such as, "Have you the beautiful overshoes of my elderly grandmother?" or, "Where is the blacksmith's baby sister?"—phrases with which every self-respecting tourist provides himself beforehand, only on arrival to find, perhaps a little to his surprise, that he is not called upon to use them. No, indeed; and that for the singular reason that there are very few Parisians in Paris. As a matter of fact, you hear French more often in Regent Street than in the Rue de la Paix. And on the boulevards Spanish, German, Italian, Russian, Norse, but particularly English, bloom like flowers in spring. According to the last census there are in Paris more than one hundred and fifty thousand resident English and Americans, and if to that figure be added the enormous daily contingent of tourists that Cook and his imitators project, it will be easy to understand why the traveler is apt to conclude that French is a dead language, and that Paris, or rather that part of Paris of which the Grand Hotel is the center, is an Anglo-American town. The tailors are English, the dentists are American. There are London grillrooms and New York burs. There are drug shops where a Frenchman who did not speak English would not be understood. There are news stands that exhibit nothing but American and English journals, and there are restaurants where you get the same food at ten times the cost that you do at home.

In the window of one of these establishments is a large sign which bears the attractive legend—Mince Pie. The other day in passing a Frenchman said to the writer: "That you Americans should care for magpies is, I suppose, a taste like another; but why do you prefer them this?"

"What do you mean?"

The Frenchman pointed to the sign and the writer laughed as he explained: For mince pie means literally thin magpie.

Wenn man eine Reise macht, so kann er was erzählen.

Of the what you call Objects of Interest in Paris every guide-book gives a list. But there are things which even Baedeker has failed to note. For instance, there is the Column Vendôme, which, of columns, used to be the proudest in the world. But the Eiffel Tower must have diminished it in its own esteem. Its bronze seems positively to blush. There is Notre Dame de Paris, at once a jewel of twelfth century architecture and Victor Hugo's masterpiece. There is the Observatory, where they tell you the day after what the weather was the day before. There is the School of Fine Arts, where young people learn how to paint on canvas, and, by way of finishing course, how to die in a garret. Then there are the theaters, and among them La Requette, where, now and again, they give early morning performances, in which the principal actor invariably loses his head. Electricity has not yet been introduced in Paris. They stick to the guillotine.

Talking of theaters, French managers are like American publishers—they are going to the wall. Five of them have gone into bankruptcy in the last few months, and that, too, in spite of their intelligence and activity. The causes are manifold and instructive. In the first place, literary France is in a period of transition. The public won't stand the present school of writers, and is tired and sick of the old. The present school offer not dramas, but theories, and as for the writers that went before, every one knows them by heart. But there is another cause, and a graver one still. The conditions of modern life are such, the struggle and complexity are so great, that people have not the time, even if they have means, to enjoy anything which demands any concentration of thought. This end of the century in France is the prey of what Renan called a monster—Superficiality. What the public wants, then, are emotions at once violent and simple, physical pleasures which affect the eye and ear and leave the mind undisturbed. As a result, while the theaters have been closing their doors the music-halls have been coming money. In London there are two establishments of this order, which are simply superb, and which are packed to the roof; but there are at least fifty others that by no means suffer from lack of patronage. In Paris the music-hall, or café-chantant, as it is locally termed, has, until recently, been far less of an institution, the Frenchman of the upper class preferring the theater, the lower classes preferring the entertainment of the cheap public balls.

But the old order changeth, and one of the curiosities of contemporary Paris is the emptiness of the theaters and the crowd at the café-chantants. Among the latter the

Olympia is easily first. It is brand-new, enormous in dimensions, resplendent with color, extremely dear and furnished with large, wide armchairs that are comfortable enough to fall asleep in, even though you are not obliged to. The performance, while not first chop, is better than any vaudeville show in New York—and hard work indeed it would have not to be—but, such as it is, it seems to fairly fascinate money. At night, of ten people that pass its doors, seven go in and watch a lady, so thin that you could bend her double and tie her in a knot, dance in a deluge of blending and changing hues, in a cascade of colors more marvelous than the quetzal possesses, and which showered on her floating garments from a dozen calcium lights make her seem like a human butterfly escaping from a poet's dream.

But to the stranger the real interest of a place like the Olympia consists less in the performers than in the spectators. As he wanders through the lobbies he will notice that almost every man he encounters wears in the button-hole the variegated ribbon of a decoration and it may even happen that he will think he would like one himself. In that case, he has but to pay his money and take his choice. With few exceptions they are all for sale. For a relatively unimportant amount, less in fact than he would have to pay for a decent diamond, he can become a Knight of the order of Christ of Portugal and wear a pretty little red ribbon in his coat. If his taste be more exotic, there is the order of the Lion and the Sun with which Persia gratifies intelligent travelers. There is the Tunisian order of Nicham Iftikar; the Turkish order of the Medjidie; the cross of the Republic of San Marino; the White Elephant of Siam; the different decorations of Spain, of Italy, of the Empire of Annam and also of the Hawaiian Isles. Any and all of these he can have if he wish, and at state functions and fancy balls he can appear resplendent as a marshal of France. And yet, perhaps, it may seem to him more sensible not to. At that little reunion of the representatives of the different powers which occurred just after the Franco-Prussian War the legates were gorgeous with crosses and stars—all of them, in fact, except Mr. Washburne, the Minister from the United States, who came absolutely unadorned.

"Dear me!" said Bismarck. "He is the most distinguished man present."

There are, of course, orders that mere coin will hardly secure, and among them is the Legion of Honor. Given by the first Emperor on a field of battle it was really worth having. Nowadays it is a decoration and nothing more—except that it entitles the holder to a file of soldiers at his funeral, an honor to which, when he receives it, he must be more or less indifferent. But it is common enough. Given a little prominence, or even a little influence, and it is pretty sure to come your way.

"There are two things," said that wit of the boulevards, Aurélien Scholl, "that we Frenchmen cannot avoid—death and the Legion of Honor."

Apocryphal to which a quaint little tale is current. Under the Second Empire a few years ago a young Russian, who had got into trouble in his own country, managed to enlist in the guard of the Empress Eugénie, where he rose to the exalted rank of corporal. One fine day a review was held on the Field of Mars. The pick of the army was to defile before the Emperor, the Empress and their guests. It was a great occasion. Accoutrements shone like gold and the uniforms were dazzling in their brilliance. Among the latter the guard of the Empress outdazzled the rest. They wore coats that a flamingo would have envied and helmets that defied the sun, all indeed except that young Russian, who, whether through haste, excitement or drink has never been given to history, appeared on that Field of Mars in his undress cap. It was the sergeant who first noticed it, but alas! after the regiment had already begun to defile.

"I say," he cried, "what do you mean by wearing that cap? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I'll report you."

The corporal flushed and said nothing, but the sergeant did. He hastened to his superior.

"Lieutenant," he said, "Corporal Chose is here in a cap."

"The dickens you say! Give him ten days' arrest."

And with that the lieutenant clattered off to the captain.

"Captain," he cried, "Corporal Chose is here in a cap."

"In a cap? Thundering guns! Reduce him to the ranks."

And the captain galloped up to the colonel.

"Colonel," he bawled, "Corporal Chose is here in a cap."

"Torpedoes and dynamite! In a cap? Have him drummed out of the army."

And the colonel drove his spurs in his horse and pranced over to where the marshal was.

"Excellency," he gnashed. "There is a corporal back there in a cap."

"Ah? Very good. Have him shot."

And the marshal wheeled to the glittering tribune where the Emperor was.

"Sire," he began, "there is a corporal—"

But the Emperor, occupied with affairs of state, and concluding, as was natural, that some one had distinguished himself, cut the marshal short:

"Decorate him," he murmured, and turned away.

All of which seems to prove, does it not, that a man may be knouted in Russia and knighted in France.

But it is not decorations alone that are obtainable in Paris. The agents of certain powers will secure for you the title of marquis or of duke, both even, if you care to pay the price. But the price relatively is high. A cheaper way is to pay some impecunious Italian noble—and certainly there are enough and to spare—to adopt you as his heir, a thing which he has a perfect legal right to do, and

which *ipso facto* confers on you the privilege of assuming his title. An American did something of this sort not long ago, and seemed very well pleased with himself besides. Others were not. Among them was his son. He took the latter to task one day, but the lad was one too many for him.

"You seem to forget," he said, "the difference in our positions. I am the son of a nobleman and you are not."

Then there is the incident, as yet unchronicled, of a certain American lady who secured a divorce and went abroad. The name she bore was tiresome to her; she did not care to resume her own, and she had no wish to marry again. In the circumstances some one suggested that she should buy a title, which she promptly did, and in no time at all became Princess della Luna Bianca. A year passed, another, three perhaps, when one evening a gentleman was presented to her.

"I am almost sure," he began, "that I have met you before, and yet, for the life of me, I cannot say where or when."

The lady tapped him with her fan and smiled:

"Why, yes, don't you remember? You used to be my husband."

Edgar Allan Poe

QUARTIER LATIN DE PARIS—BOHEMIA'S PARADISE.



HAT famed resort of the Paris Bohemian, artist and student—the Latin Quarter—has just had universal attention drawn toward it because of the disastrous riots which broke out there on the eve of July 4. It was a peculiarly fatalistic circumstance, which the origin of these disturbances, which caused loss of life and severe physical injuries among the participants, should be found in an occasion of festivity. So it was, however; for, on July 1, a ball had been given by students in the Café d'Harcourt, a restaurant of the Rue Sorbonne, in the Quartier Latin, and out of a prosecution occasioned by an alleged immoral exhibition at this entertainment arose a sentiment of angry reprisal. For the long spell of rioting which followed it is only just to say that the denizens of the Quartier Latin cannot be held responsible, but the fact that the trouble emanated from that classic region supplies our *raison d'être* for glancing at the romance and reality of its life.

Really a city in itself, the Latin Quarter of Paris is rich in tradition and picturesque color. Centuries ago it received its name from the circumstance of the Latin tongue only being spoken by the cosmopolitan students who resided within its precincts in order to take a course at the various colleges of the Sorbonne University. A confusion of tongues was sought to be avoided, and so Latin was adopted as the universal language. Geographically, the Latin Quarter may be described as that part of Paris which lies inside of the Seine and is bordered by the Rue Bonaparte, Rue Mont Parnasse and the Halle aux Vins. When the great work of reconstructing the old parts of the city was in progress under Baron Haussmann during the late Empire, the Quartier Latin escaped his iconoclastic hand. The war of 1870, while it destroyed the Empire, preserved to us this historic stronghold of Bohemia. As a representative part of the Quartier, perhaps the Rue Ecole de Médecine will serve the purpose of description as well as any other. Tall houses look down upon a street of many curves and windings. Upon the ground floor of one of these the visitor finds the lodge of the concierge or janitor. When admission has been secured the first impression is a more or less gloomy one, for the stairs are apt to be dark and as likely as not the banister consists of a single rope. In a typical Quartier residence like this one the Bohemian student probably lives *en pension*, and so you may find the first floor occupied by the dining-room. Here at dinner-time there may be visible more or less gaiety, for, after the soup, the solids and the thin claret have been partaken of, the diner who can afford such luxuries will indulge in his coffee and *petit verre* of cognac, and enjoy an hour of *douce far niente* with his grise companion, whose waist is encircled by his arm. Perhaps there is music, supplied by itinerant artists who have dropped in to soothe the Bohemian breast with harp and violin and gather in some Bohemian centimes. Ah! it is the witching hour, when the text-book of law or surgery, the palette and the brush, have been laid aside and relaxation characterizes everything, even to the conversation. Considerable similarity distinguishes the dinner-hour of each day, however, and so one description suffices for all.

From the room of the concierge below, to the private chamber of the student lodger above, is frequently a long pull, because rents are cheapest the nearer one gets to the sky, and therefore the Bohemian's paradise is, as indeed it should be, comparatively close to heaven. Ascend with me, therefore, *mes enfants*, the steep and interminable stairway, and let us discover the lair of Monsieur the painter, the student of medicine, the votary of the law—as the case may be. The doors of the rooms are numbered, the keys and candlesticks bear corresponding numerals, and the tenant supplements this precaution by frequently affixing his card to his door. The furniture in the room is generally scanty and invariably battered, but the general dinginess is relieved by the little household gods of the tenant, which in the way of pictures and other objects will usually include some kind of musical instrument. On the mantel a French clock under a glass case ticks—or doesn't tick—the fleeting moment, and the floor is of brick or tiles.

Would you fain visit a more promising—because more costly—section of the Quarter? Then first come around

into the Rue de l'Ancienne Comedie, which is truly classic ground, for here is the old Café Procope, where Rousseau and other great lights of French literature and thought used to congregate in days gone by. The Procope was the place, too, where Gambetta was fond of surrounding himself with groups of his admirers and promulgating his political views. It is now remarkable only as a relic of greatness, for the great men of genius seek its shades no more, although the Bohemian lingers. The Theater Français was originally located in this street, opposite the Café Procope.

In that part of the Latin Quarter where the Theater Odeon is situated several streets diverge from the latter edifice, which contain numerous *hotels garni* of a better class than the one already described. Among these streets is the Rue Monsieur le Prince, and here again we find the tall house of ancient pattern, with the dining-room on the ground floor and the aspiring student perched aloft in his attic eyrie. There is rather more style about this establishment than we could find in the former one; the floors are waxed and polished. About forty francs per month is the tariff for lodgings in Rue Ecole de Médecine; here rates are somewhat higher. The host, his wife, and a garçon probably comprise the waiting service at the table d'hôte. Every one is personally asked his choice of viands, the genial and paternal old host making the circuit of the table for the purpose. Now we are in lotus land once more, nobody has the least intention of hurrying himself; the meal is a very prolonged affair, and the main idea, after that of material refreshment, seems to be ease and gossip, as much of both as the guests can extract from their surroundings and from each other. Everything imaginable is talked about—drama, literature, science—the *on dits* of the newspapers and of the Quarter. Jokes are indulged in, sometimes at the expense of the good-natured host, who takes it all in good part. There is also music after dinner, and sometimes this is furnished by a band composed of students staying in the house. It is at once amusing and pathetic to observe the prevalence of certain dandified, middle-aged students, who have given so much attention to social duties that they have forgotten to study, and will probably die before they decide to commence in earnest. As a general thing, the art students of the Quartier Latin congregate apart from those who are preparing for professions. The exaggerated artist, with unkempt hair and picturesque disregard for new clothes, may still be found, but he is far rarer than of yore, partly because he has largely gone out of fashion and partly on account of the growing adoption of art as a profession by rich men, who dress well and have exploded the theory that a painter must be necessarily imppecunious. The *Rapin-Phidias*, as a certain class of art students are called by their brethren, are fond of carrying on their conversations with the accompaniment of the most exaggerated gesturing and posing, and to watch a group of this type in a corner of the dining-room is a highly entertaining experience.

There are colonies among the hotels and cafés where the patrons are from the same rural districts as the proprietors, and thus distinctive cliques exist among the dwellers of the Quarter. Often it happens that students, whose fathers the landlords know to be rich, are allowed to run in debt for years, and when study is over they find themselves weighted with a debt it takes years to shake off. Monsieur, the landlord, usually agrees either to take periodical installments of his claim, or consents to receive the amount in full when this young debtor of his, whose father is rich and whose prospects are such as to render him an eligible suitor, secures a wealthy bride. Anything for the student rather than have an application made to his father for payment. These debts are often half made up of charges for free dinners given by the debtor to his brethren of the brush, or to his favorite *grisette*.

Between the studio, the classroom, the café and the Luxembourg Garden life passes, with its varying proportion of gayety or depression, of industry and idleness, for the Bohemian of the Latin Quarter. Master hands have sketched this curious product of civilized life, who comes from various climes to make one corner of the French capital his own.

"Paris, gorgeous abode of the gay—Paris, haunt of despair," as Jean Paul de Beranger called it, has indeed, from the imagination of her own sons, received many a vivid picture of this unique phase of her social life. The Bohemian of the Quarter has been drawn by André Chevier, by Balzac and by Henri Murger; and each of these men of genius has drawn him in a different way. Chevier's and Balzac's Bohemians have disappeared, and it is doubtful whether Murger's ever existed. Certain it is, however, that in the majority of instances the student of the Quartier Latin is simply picturesque and reckless for a few years and then settles down to the serious business of life, either as an every-day lawyer or doctor in a provincial town, or as a painter of no very marked originality and even less fame. (See page 8.)



Mr. Cleveland thinks it no soft snap to run again.

THE FRENCH AND THE SIAMESE.

THE evident determination of France to enforce her claims in Siam is indicated by the presence of a French gunboat in the harbor of Bangkok, and the announcement that Admiral Humann will supplement this vessel with an entire fleet. These facts have called the attention of the civilized world to the affairs of a kingdom which is important only because it is one of the few remaining independent governments in Asia. The illustrations on page 4 give an accurate idea of the salient features of this situation. The immediate cause of the present crisis is the claim made by the French, that the Laotian tribes have encroached on their territory, but it is obvious that the real intention of France is to secure such an advantage as will offset the recent acquisitions of the British in Burmah. The territory in dispute extends along the eastern shores of the Mekong River to the mountains between Laos and Annam. The Mekong is the largest river in the Indo-Chinese peninsula, and the French have for years had control of its delta; but the presence of the tribes of Laos on the banks of its upper waters is detrimental to the commercial value of this possession. It was for the purpose of crowding back these intruders that the French troops were dispatched up the river, and, after defeating the Siamese forces which were opposed to them, put themselves in possession of the island of Khong, and the demonstration of naval strength is made to prevent any effort on the part of the King to send troops up the Mekong to attack the position now occupied by the French. Bangkok itself is in no position to withstand guns trained upon it from the harbor, as its ports are wholly unsuited for defense against modern artillery. The city is in many respects more modern than most of the capitals of Asia, but so far as protection from assault on the harbor side is concerned it would be completely at the mercy of the assailants.

The territory to be acquired is apparently of little value, for the Mekong River is obstructed along almost all of its upper course by rapids and cataracts, and is thus unavailable for the purposes of commerce; but for strategic purposes it is necessary to the protection of the possessions on the delta. The outcome will be disastrous to the Siamese, but in the march of civilization the weaker must inevitably go to the wall, and the French will bring to that part of Asia the haven of European culture and progress.

The King of Siam probably recognizes his position as thoroughly as any one, and there is little doubt that he will terminate the difficulty by yielding to the demands of France on some sort of compromise as advantageous to himself as is possible under the circumstances. In any event, there is no indication that the other European powers who have interests in Asia will take any part in the controversy, and the French will probably rest content with the cession to them of the point of vantage to which they are now laying claim. Our illustrations consist of portraits of the King and Queen of Siam, Admiral Humann, a couple of views of the city of Bangkok, etc. The reader will see therefrom that the Siamese are not as backward as is generally supposed. The streets of the capital are wide and well graded and the jingle of street car bells is a familiar sound within its portals. The royal palace is an imposing structure of beautiful skriptsha marble quarried from the Laotian hills.

SOME BUDDHISTIC TEXTS.

TWO little books, one of which appeared recently in London, and the other a Buddhist Catechism published there two years ago for the propagation of the faith, are very brief and sententious compends of the religion of Buddha. Those who care to know of the doctrine which has taken such a hold upon the East, and upon the Western imagination to a high degree, inspiring poetry of no mean order, will find nowhere, in so small compass as these books cover, so much that is interesting and pertinent to this subject.

I have not now the catechism before me; but I have the more recent volume, called "The Imitation of Buddha," which is compiled by Ernest M. Bondere, and prepared very briefly by Edwin Arnold. It is put in calendar form, giving a saying for each day in the year. Many of these texts are striking, not only in themselves, but in their resemblance to, if not sometimes in their identity with, the precepts of Christianity. The supposed dates of these bits of wisdom are said to range from "at least the third century, B.C., to mediæval or even later times."

It is a fact, too little understood by Western readers, that Oriental teachings cannot always be taken literally, but only in their spirit and tendency where they are extreme or too absolute. For Buddha himself says in correction of close interpretation: "Be sure that you tell me the spirit [of the doctrine]; I want but the spirit; why do you make so much of the letter?"

In the following two, as in some others, we see the ethics of the golden rule:

"Hurt not others with that which pains yourself."

"With pure thoughts and fullness of love, I will do toward others what I do for myself."

Speaking of Buddha, one scripture says:

"Them who became thy murderers thou forgavest."

In another place we read:

"Overcome evil by good."

"Conquer your foe by force and you increase his enmity; conquer by love and you reap no after-sorrow."

"He (Buddha) came to remove the sorrows of all living things."

"There is no happiness except in righteousness."

"He that loveth iniquity becometh to misfortune."

I give below other passages that chime with Christian maxims:

"Control your tongue."

"Be pure and live with the pure."

"He (Buddha) cherished the feelings of affection for all beings, as if they were his only son."

"Though a man conquer a thousand thousand in battle, a greater conqueror still is he who conquers himself."

"May I never do, nor cause to be done, nor contemplate the doing of, even the most trivial sin."

"Let not one who is asked for his pardon withhold it."

"Earnestly practice every good work."

"Be not weary in well-doing."

"Ask not of a person's descent, but ask about his conduct."

Of penitents and disciples it is said:

"They must cultivate a feeling of deep shame for their sins."

Of Christian quality, too, is what follows:

"Our deeds, whether good or evil, follow us like shadows."

"It is better to die in righteousness than to live in unrighteousness."

"Work out your own salvation with diligence."

"No man can purify another."

"A proud heart leads to a vicious life."

"Even if a man have done evil a hundred times, let him not do it again."

"Evil he (Buddha) overcame by righteousness."

"Our deeds are not lost, they will surely come back again."

"Therefore we would humble ourselves and repent us of our sins."

"He who lives far from me, yet walks righteously, is ever near me."

"Whatsoever is displeasure to yourselves never do to another."

"From henceforth, put away evil and do good."

"As men sow thus shall they reap."

"Even the most unworthy one seeking for salvation is not to be forbidden."

"If you see others lamenting join in their lamentations; if thou hear others rejoicing join in their joy."

It is easy to find precise parallels to the above, and to those that follow, in the Old and New Testament.

"The scripture moveth us, therefore, rather to cut off the hand than to take anything which is not ours."

"Judge not thy neighbor."

"The words of Buddha, even when stern (were) as full of pity as the words of a father to his children."

"He that would wait upon me, let him wait upon the sick."

The Buddhistic writings are very voluminous indeed, and, among so much, the larger portion by far is not equal to these sayings, which have been twice culled. But it is admitted that trivialities and superstitions, not to name ritualistic accretions, appear in much of the Buddhistic literature, for which Gautama himself was not responsible. It is fair to suppose that that which was weakest, and which could be added for a priestly purpose, signals mainly the corruption and the spurious work. At any rate, it is only just to judge a faith by its high-water mark and its purer aspirations; and, if this be allowed, the prevalence of Buddhistic morals, at least, will need neither apology nor lament.

JOEL BENTON.

THE LATE WORD COMPETITION.

If the writer of the following letter will take the trouble to refer to the original announcement of the conditions of the word contest he will find that ONCE A WEEK did not restrict competitors to any particular dictionary, or, for that matter, to any one language. Therefore, the objection raised by M. C. Connett is without force. But, in point of fact, the winning word selected by Mrs. Ryan of Washington is to be found in the Century Dictionary:

BEDFORD, IA., July 7, 1893.

EDITOR "ONCE A WEEK":

DEAR SIR—I, and many other subscribers whom I represent, hold that, in going to a medical dictionary and finding a compound Latin word (such as "*Trachicomatoides*," eighteen letters) to coin words from, great unfairness was done. In "Dunglison's Medical and Surgical Dictionary" a great many compound words are found. For instance, viz.: "*Trachicallitidis-Basilarius*," twenty-seven letters, out of which the whole English language may be coined. Another word in "Carpenter"—such as "*Leventarabismperiorisidiquenasi*," thirty-three letters—capable of infinite coinage. I can name you words with over forty letters. If such latitude was permitted, why not state it? Mrs. Ryan's word, which got the prize, is not in Webster's Dictionary, nor is it in the English language. Give us a chance. We like ONCE A WEEK. Please publish this and explain.

Respectfully, M. C. CONNETT.



A FOWL SHOT.

"What's in it for me?"—SHAKESPEARE.

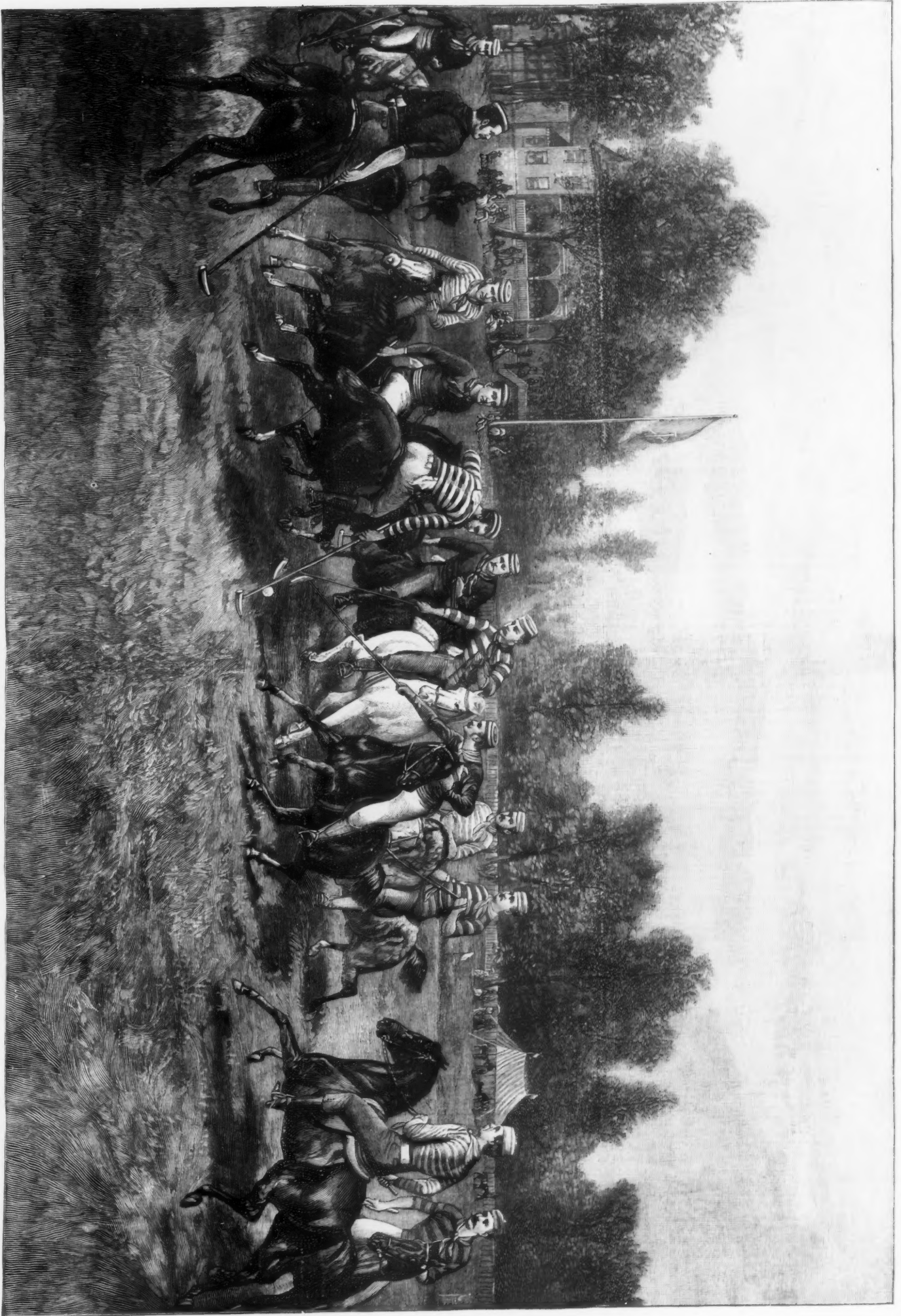


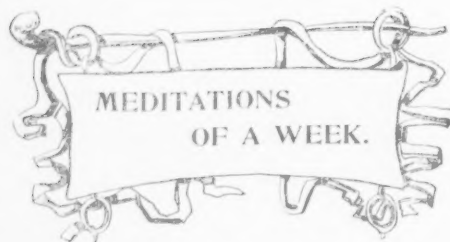
THE LATIN QUARTER IN PARIS.

(See page 6.)

A FAMOUS POLO GAME AT NEWPORT YEARS AGO.

F. G. Griswold. Harry Osfichs. William Jay. Viscount Mandeville. William P. Douglas. S. H. Robbins. James Gordon Bennett. John Mott. S. S. Howland. Herman Osfichs. Fairman Rogers. Wurlap Thorne.





OUR NATIONAL DAY AT THE FAIR AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF OUR ADVANCEMENT.

A FRIEND was walking with me down the Midway Plaisance at the World's Fair, on the Fourth of July, and he said: "I wonder what Washington and Adams and Jefferson, and all those old fellows who made the first Fourth of July, would say to this! Their wildest imaginations never could have foreseen it."

No, I should say not. This world has put on new garments during this century. She is like an actress, who dresses her part so well that you would hardly know her when she appears behind the footlights. The same flesh and blood and bones are underneath the dress, of course, and perhaps the same nature; but science and invention and discovery are wonderful tailors and modistes, and can make country wenches and bumpkins look like fine ladies and gentlemen of aristocratic lineage.

The scene through which we had been walking for some hours previous to the utterance of the above remark was wonderful in the extreme. The enormous grounds of the Exposition, and all its many stupendous buildings, had been crowded since breakfast-time as they had never been crowded before. One fancied that at each point there must be more people than there were anywhere else; but it was not so; all points were thronged, and there seemed to be almost as many flags as people. The great palaces were covered with them, fluttering on every spire and pinnacle, and along each cornice, pediment and ridge-pole; and other flags were wrapped around pillars and poles, and draped from windows and balconies and swathing stately façades and high entablatures. There were flags of all nations; but above all, and dominating all, was the Stars and Stripes—the Star-spangled Banner—the flag of freedom and of our country. It hung in majestic folds, or floated out on the fitful southwestern breeze, the most beautiful and graceful of all national insignia. It told us that the most powerful of all nations, the hope and refuge of the human race, was alive and rejoicing in her strength.

A great celebration of America's greatest day! The tribes of the earth were assembled here to acknowledge and contribute to her might and splendor. In that immeasurable crowd you could hear spoken every language of the globe. Europe, Africa and Asia were there, beholding such a spectacle as their own continents could not have duplicated. Great white clouds swam and melted in the blue sky; the azure lake sparkled to the sun; the verdure of the Wooded Island was lovely in the ardor of its summer; the white palaces, the bridges and the statues gleamed and sparkled. Wherever you went you heard strains of triumphal music and singing, and the applause of enormous audiences. There were orators, too, to shape into eloquent words the pride and enthusiasm of those who listened to them; and the whole day seemed to utter the triumph of a people, the glory of a continent.

As evening came on the press of the multitude diminished not, but increased. The entire water-front was covered from an early hour with innumerable hosts, bent upon holding their places till the fireworks should begin. The roof of the Main Building and the galleries under the dome of the Administration were covered with men, women and children, resolute to let nothing escape them. As it grew darker the great dome crowned and articulated itself in living gold, and the palaces on the lagoon defined their lovely lines in glittering light. The great searchlights streamed, comet-like, across the darkness of heaven, and caused what was hidden on the earth to start into intense visibility. And now the rockets soared and detonated and burst in vast showers of many-hued splendor; and all that art and ingenuity could do was done to paint and illustrate in fiery emblems the majesty and memorableness of the hour.

Meanwhile, on the Plaisance, the scene was as if the Arabian Nights and Fairyland had ceased to hide in the pages of books, and had come forth in visible and palpable shape to take their places again in the living world. On either side of the long, straight mile there were continuous lines of Chinese lanterns suspended in graceful curves and brilliant with blended colors. Electric lamps sparkled everywhere, and in the doors and windows of the Turkish and Arabian houses there were beautiful lanterns of pierced brass; and illumination in every variety of method made the place look like a miraculous flower-garden, glowing against the deep background of night. Most noteworthy of all, the gigantic Ferris Wheel was lit with crimson fire all round its immense perimeter; and, as it turned majestically and noiselessly on its axis, it seemed to lift a ruddy river of fire up into the heavens and pour it down again thence in an endless cataract. And here, again, the searchlights from miles away shot their white streamers across the upper dark and made lovely playthings of minarets and domes. And from end to end of that narrow mile the people streamed in a ceaseless flood, this way and that at once, a river of human life, in which were mingled all the elements that make up the world. And all in honor of our Fourth of July—the birthday of our Independence!

Well, but what would Washington and Adams and the rest have said to it? Would they have found there, or anywhere on this continent, the realization of their hopes of the Republic, the fulfillment of their ideal?

Our Declaration of Independence is, I suppose, about the only document, not of Divine authorization, which has ever forecast so successfully the spirit and the progress of generations unborn at the time of its compilation. Its moral attitude is so lofty, and the demands it makes upon human nature are so high, that we find it to-day as worthy a political creed as ever. Not only so; but it is even a question whether the creed be not still too elevated and austere for its followers—whether it be possible, at this stage of human development, to live up to it. Nay, are we such good exponents of it as were those old founders of the Republic, whom we complacently imagine as gazing and staring at the most magnificent celebration of their achievement ever seen?

All men are born equal; and are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. And we, as a people, declare our religious and political independence; and freedom shall prevail in every quarter of our dominions. We shall rule ourselves; and government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth!

Those are brave words; our children hear them, and go forth rejoicing into the Land of Promise; and the oppressed of foreign nations hear them, and come hither in quest of emancipation and deliverance. What do they find?

Certainly, they find prosperity. The tabulated records of our industrial achievements, and of our production of foods and metals, can challenge comparison anywhere. We can feed and clothe the world, and furnish it with iron and gold. We are so rich and powerful, that no nation dare attack us; and so indispensable as a source and reservoir of the means of life, that no one would attack us, even if victory were a foregone conclusion.

Now, it is open to orators to affirm that this prosperity and power are due to our form of government. Had we been a monarchy, or a despotism, or an aggregation of politically separate states or kingdoms, we could not have become what we are. The reason we are great is because, individually and collectively, we are free, and because we are a united political organism.

It is doubtless true that the men and money expended in Europe to maintain standing armies—not to mention carrying on wars—are saved and applied to productive purposes in this country; and in so far we are immensely gainers. But there is nothing to prevent our assuming that the need of an army would have been no greater under a king, or under a "benevolent despot," than under a republic. Foreign nations would be no more ready to attack us than now—probably less ready, since it is more likely that a monarch would defend his kingdom than that the shifting legislatures and presidents of a republic would defend theirs. In fact, it is our geographical position, our numbers and our wealth, that are our safeguard against invasion. These render it as certain as anything in the future can be that whatever nation, or league of nations, came here to fight us would sooner or later be beaten and ruined. Our form of government does not enter into the question at all.

The same is true regarding our wealth and industries. It is said that we are wealthy because we are a free people, working for ourselves and not for masters. But the truth is quite the other way. The average of the population is not so wealthy here as in many parts of Europe, and we do not work for ourselves, but for corporations and trusts—the worst kind of masters. The alternative to the despotism of corporations is the despotism of trades-unions, which is in some respects even more degrading in its effect on the individual. The number of persons who work for themselves is very small, and their contribution to the wealth of the country infinitesimal. They may therefore be omitted from consideration altogether. How, then, does our mode of production differ from what it would be under an intelligent despotism? Are not corporations even more brutally selfish than a despot could be, and do they not therefore brew more discontent and resentment than the latter would do?

As to the argument based upon the fallacy of universal suffrage, it is by this time too thoroughly exploded to need examination here. There is not, and there cannot be such a thing as universal suffrage—the independent recording by each individual citizen of his private political preferences. The "popular vote" records the opinions, or rather the self-seeking will, of a handful of men who are usually among the most vicious and corrupt members of the body corporate, who have acquired influence not on account of their principles, but because they are unprincipled. It is to their hands that the management of the heritage bequeathed to us by Washington, Adams and Jefferson has been committed. And the Republic, as administered by them, is such in name only; they themselves laugh in their sleeves while they bully, rob and fool us in the sacred name of Liberty.

No doubt there is a good deal of value in a name; and we are the better contented because, though we know there are abuses, we also know that if things ever come to a quite unendurable pass, we can wrest back our rights under the Constitution. Seriously, however, what does the Constitution, or any other paper preamble, amount to? It is impossible to confer or to take any rights by such an instrument. It is not what is said or written, but what is done and lived that counts. We are willing to assert ourselves until the arrival of a hypothetical cataclysm that may not, and probably never will, arrive. Meanwhile, we are being done out of our rights. We are hushed and consoled by formulas and phrases. One party of "reformers" after another arises and gives us our fill of promises and expedients. When all is done, we discover either that they have been in league with the enemy or that they have ousted the latter only in order to absorb the spoil for themselves. What is to be done? At last some of us—our very own selves—get into positions of influence, and then we are sure that all will go well. But, behold! after a while we discover that these thieves and swindlers whom we were but now denouncing are really very good, clever fellows, who have but been making the

best of a bad business; and instead of hurling them from their places, we, too, make our hay while our sun shines, and rob and swindle that impalpable abstraction, "The People," with the best of them.

In short, it is ridiculously obvious that the welfare of our country, or of any country, in any but the most superficial and material objects, is to be found not in its constitution or its rulers, but in the heart of the people themselves. Were we all virtuous and unselfish, the nominal form of our government would be quite immaterial. And to say the truth, I do not know why the republican form of government, even could it be practically carried out (which it never has been), should be regarded as the best possible. It is based upon no fundamental truth of morals or of human nature. It has no prototype in the natural universe, or in the constitution of the private individual. In our physical body, the brain, as the chief nerve center, rules our movements, as the heart determines the circulation of the blood, and the stomach, the repair of the system. In any group of men, there will be found one man better fitted than the others to direct and control them, and it becomes not optional, but inevitable, to the latter to recognize him as their leader. Humanity at large, regarded as to nature and use, constantly assumes the form of the individual man. Each community, nation or race has its head, its arms, hands, body and feet. Left to themselves, men will always and spontaneously organize themselves into a king and his subjects; and the only superiority of the republican form of government lies in the fact that it purports to provide better facilities than the others for electing the true king. But, as we said just now, it fails to carry out its promise, because there is no true public spirit in the citizens; they are one and all on the lookout for their personal advantage, and for the public advantage only so far as it is consistent with their own. Whoever will show me how to get money and social consideration, has my vote; and while this is the case, it is plain that "the public"—which, by the way, is composed of other persons doing the same as I do—will come out, so far as any action on my part is concerned, at the tail-end of the procession. A republic, more than other forms of government, needs personal virtue and unselfishness in its individual component parts; and since our republic does not possess that virtue and unselfishness, either in the atom or in the mass, it has no claim to be considered the best in the world. It might easily become the worst.

I am inclined to think, therefore, that Washington, Adams and Jefferson would not be overmuch pleased at what they saw in this country, after the lapse of a hundred years. Possibly they may have looked forward to a vast material prosperity, but they would have expected it to be a mere side issue to the perfection of the political, social and religious advancement of the nation. Finding the material prosperity, and nothing else, they will naturally be disappointed. But, in the lofty enthusiasm of their struggle and victory, they expected too much of human nature. The echo of the drums and muskets of Bunker Hill and Yorktown have long since died out of our ears, and we know little of our own country, and, in the high sense, care less for her. She affords us a means of making a living—sometimes, and sometimes not—and beyond that we are indifferent to her. We make orations, and unfurl banners, and let off fireworks, but we do not purify our own hearts, or ennoble our own lives and aims.

Yet, when the Civil War came upon us, the men and the horses were found to fight it out. And were another desperate emergency to arise, we may still hope that it would not find us backward. Chiefly in the ordinary, every-day civic virtues do we seem to be deficient; and perhaps this very magnificence of outward power and wealth, in which we take such pride, may be the cause of their perilous frailty.

Julian Hawthorne

OUR NEW PRIZE COMPETITION.

HOW TO PROPOSE.

A TIME comes to all young men, soon or late, when the most important question in life is "How to propose."

This delicate transaction is frequently accomplished by letter, when distance, timidity or other valid reasons make a personal interview impossible or undesirable. It is not altogether a simple matter to write a letter of this nature. Wishing to test the capacity of our young men for this kind of correspondence, we offer a prize of a handsome traveling-bag, with complete furnishings, valued at fifty dollars, to the young man who sends to our office on or before August 15, 1893, the best-written letter containing a proposal of marriage. A special committee of six young ladies will determine the merits of the various letters and award the prize.

This competition will be followed by one for young ladies calling for replies to the proposal. Further particulars will appear later.

This interesting double competition should enlist the sympathies of all our young readers. The prizes offered are beautiful and valuable, and the contest open to all.

A copy of this notice must be inclosed with every letter.

The result of our last competition, for one hundred dollars for the best essay on the "Seven Wonders of the Nineteenth Century," will be announced in a few weeks. The delay is unavoidable, as several of the gentlemen on our committee live at a distance, and the essays have to be forwarded to them by mail.

NO-TO-BAC.

It is the ONLY guaranteed tobacco habit cure in the world. If you use it and fail to get cured, money is promptly refunded. This makes a long story short. You run no PHYSICAL OR FINANCIAL RISK, so if you are tired tobacco spitting and smoking your life away, take NO-TO-BAC: it is absolutely guaranteed to cure. Sold by druggists everywhere. Beautiful book mailed free for the asking. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago Office, 45-47-49 Randolph St.



WHITTLEMORE'S LITTLE GAME.

BY JOHNSON BURT.

WHITTLEMORE was one of the accountants whom many city firms trusted as unquestionably as if there was no such thing in the world as money and the temptation to steal it. He was both bookkeeper and cashier for Boggs, Stubbs & Co., and he had such a remarkable head for figures that he sometimes was borrowed, as a favor and at handsome compensation, to straighten out the accounts of some firm whose books were found to be in a muddle. His deportment was as satisfactory as his work; he never went out during business hours "just for a minute," to bring the odor of liquor and cloves back to the office, and the manner in which he sneered when some of the salesmen of the firm talked of going to the races and making their expenses delighted his employers so much that it brought him two successive raises of salary. The members of the firm devoted their entire time to buying and selling, trusting Whittlemore to see that the collections were so promptly made that there never would be any trouble about their own payments being met; and the young man did the work so well that the firm seldom had to ask their bank for assistance. Such men are rare; so it was not strange that in the course of time the firm offered Whittlemore an interest in the business; when he declined, for the time being, on the ground that he soon would have a legacy which would enable him to make the interest larger than was offered, each member of the firm invited Whittlemore to dinner, and introduced the trusted accountant to the firm's respective families, and made so much of him that all of the salesmen became wildly jealous.

In the meantime, sad yet truthful to relate, Whittlemore was "operating" in Wall Street, through an acquaintance who was a broker, and he was getting on the wrong side of the market with a persistency which would have given him many wakeful nights had he not been a fellow of admirable self-control. He had talked business—Wall Street business—with the broker until he knew it all, or thought he did, which amounts to the same thing to any man with a fondness for speculation. He was "caught short" on one of his favorite stocks, and had not enough money to save himself, so he "borrowed" two or three hundred dollars from the firm—that is, he took that amount of money, and put into the drawer his own I. O. U. for the amount, intending to charge it up, little by little, to his own salary account. Then he changed his investment in the stock market to a security which his friend the broker said was so sure to go up that he, the broker, would eat his own head if it didn't. For an unforeseen reason the stock went down instead of up, and had the broker kept his word and eaten his head it would have made no pennynorth of difference in Whittlemore's account.

Something had to be done to help Whittlemore out, so the young man tried the heroic game of "Double or quits," which sometimes works when a man has millions to back him. But there weren't millions in Boggs, Stubbs & Co.'s cash drawer; most payments to the firm were made in checks, so Whittlemore borrowed one of these of sufficient amount, and on the back of it imitated the firm's signature so successfully that he had no trouble in getting the money for it; he knew that no one but he had anything to do with the account, and he could "doctor" the books so that it never would be heard from should he never make it right—although, of course, he intended to repay it.

When a man learns by experience that he can get money in pleasing quantities by merely imitating a signature not his own, and can prevent all other men from knowing anything about the operation, he finds himself in just the speculative frame of mind that delights Wall Street. Whittlemore bought and sold with varying luck, but his gains never quite made him even with the money he had borrowed. His story of a legacy was entirely imaginative; he had looked to Wall Street for the money which should enable him to enter the firm, and Wall Street was daily making his prospect of membership more remote. To tell the truth, Wall Street was disappointing almost every one at that time, but it took their money all the same and gave nothing in return.

In a few months it became evident to Whittlemore that unless the market took a sudden turn for the better the firm of Boggs, Stubbs & Co. would be unable to pay their own bills at maturity. The members of the firm had some property outside of their business, and on this they might raise money enough to prevent them from appearing in financial straits. But in the meantime, where would he come in?—or, more properly speaking, how would he get out? He could depart suddenly for parts unknown, but he had no intention of becoming publicly known as a common defaulter and thief, and of being unable to reappear in New York, the only portion of the world in which he cared to live.

To complicate matters, he was very fond of one of the daughters of the head of the firm, and he was sure that Miss Boggs returned the compliment. He could honestly say that he liked her quite as well now as before his operations had made her father some thousands of dollars poorer. It never would do to have Miss Boggs pointed at as a young woman whose most acceptable admirer had robbed her father; but that seemed to be the way matters were shaping themselves.

Whittlemore made a desperate effort to be economical—that is, to take as little money as possible from the firm for his next venture in Wall Street; to improve, if possible, his chance to win. He informed his friend the broker that there mustn't be any more of the customary Wall Street talk about brokers never giving advice to customers; one particular broker must give some wise advice at once, if he desired to do business with Whittlemore. The broker had been long enough in the business to know that a customer never talks in that way until the bottom of the pocket has been reached, at which time the broker's only duty is to make haste to take what is left, and dismiss the customer with a curt "Better luck next time."

So Whittlemore found himself penniless, so far as his actual responsibilities were concerned, and he also found himself thinking so much about Miss Boggs that the thought of her being mentioned in the newspapers as the daughter of the senior member of a ruined firm and the sweetheart of the man who had ruined the firm, kept Whittlemore awake nights when he needed sleep to make him equal to his daily duty of "standing off" the firm's creditors. He had himself so well in hand that no one suspected him, but he never breathed freer than when one particular Saturday afternoon gave him a breathing and thinking spell until the following Monday.

He did a lot of thinking from the moment the office clock announced 1 P.M., at which hour all solid city firms in New York close their doors on Saturdays. He thought so hard that at 3 P.M. he drove up to Mr. Boggs's door, step with as fine a pair of horses as could be hired at any livery stable in New York. Miss Boggs was quite ready for a ride; her mind was so full of maiden fancies about Whittlemore that he could not have taken her unawares. She has ever since referred to that afternoon drive as one of the greatest pleasures of her not unhappy existence, from which it must be inferred that Whittlemore made himself very agreeable. A better proof is that when she was brought safely back to her father's roof she had promised to become Mrs. Whittlemore, and that, although the hour was late, she did not retire until she had written each of her girl friends, in strictest confidence, that she was engaged to the best man that Heaven ever made.

Nevertheless the maiden found time to make a confidante of her father, to whom Whittlemore had already spoken, and the consequence was a great dinner Sunday evening, to which were invited the principal customers of the firm, to all of whom Mr. Boggs presented Whittlemore, not only as his prospective son-in-law, but as a coming partner of the firm, to whom the firm would defer in almost everything financial.

Whittlemore pleaded for an early marriage; the young woman was willing, and her father was nothing loath, for did not the man who was to become his son-in-law argue that as the year had reached its dull season, and as business was none too good anyway, he would be glad to forego the customary honeymoon vacation and stick close to his desk so as to make prompt collections at a time when the prevailing financial stringency made it hard for any firm to collect closely.

The bridegroom did his best to avert disaster from the firm and disgrace from himself, but facts are stubborn things, especially during a financial crisis which looks very like a panic; so it is not strange that one day the senior member of the firm burst into the counting-room, slapped Whittlemore's shoulder with a muscle like that of a deputy sheriff, and exclaimed:

"The bank says we're doubtful!"

"I guess," responded Whittlemore, pausing to dot some "I's and cross some t's" in a business letter he was writing, "that the bank is right."

"Why haven't you let us know of it before?" the senior partner demanded. "You know we've left everything in your hands."

"That's not my fault," said Whittlemore, as coolly as if there were nothing of importance at issue. "You can't expect me to keep the books and manage the business, too."

"But," protested Mr. Boggs, "I and my partners have not had time to think of anything but selling and buying. We've left the accounts entirely to you."

"That's where you made fools of yourselves," replied Whittlemore, as coolly as if he were merely arguing a question of credit with a customer of doubtful standing. "The money end of a business is the biggest one, and the men who pay no attention to it are likely to find themselves in a hole."

Mr. Boggs dashed out of the store in a high state of excitement and hurried to the bank for accommodations. The bank was very sorry; but, really, as the firm seemed to have lost the trade of some good out-of-town firms whose bills used to be deposited with the bank for collection, or whose checks came to the bank on deposit, it seemed only prudence to decline any further assistance. Mr. Boggs denied having lost the customers referred to; the bank officials insisted, and the upshot was that an expert was given charge of the firm's books one Saturday as soon as Whittlemore had left the office. The expert soon found things that caused him to telegraph to certain customers of the firm. Whittlemore had taken his bride out of town for Sunday, so he could not be got at; but he had scarcely entered the office doors Monday morning when he was confronted by his father-in-law, who shook his fist and exclaimed:

"You infernal defaulter!"

"Ah! you've at last found it out, eh?" said Whittlemore, pleasantly, as he removed his light overcoat and began to open the mail.

"Drop those letters!" roared Boggs. "We know your little game and it must stop, and you must go to jail, you scoundrel!"

"A bad place for your son-in-law, Mr. Boggs," suggested Whittlemore, as gently as if he were merely expressing an opinion as to the weather. "I'll have a bad effect upon the firm, I fear, for the trade to learn that your daughter's husband is in jail charged with—what shall I call it? I hope you will first devise some way of breaking the news to my wife—I mean, your daughter."

Mr. Boggs said a bad word, shook his fist at Whittlemore, threw both hands over his eyes, and abruptly stepped aside and began to pace the floor. Whittlemore eyed him slyly for a moment, and then continued to open the mail. Suddenly the old man pulled himself together and continued:

"My daughter shall not live with you any longer, sir; she shall come back to her father's house."

"That must depend upon her, sir," answered Whittlemore, politely; "but I hope for her sake and that of her family that she won't agree with you. I should be very sorry to have my wife's name appear in the newspapers in connection with a scandal."

"Scandal?" roared the old man, indignantly. "It's no mere scandal, sir; it's a crime—an outrageous crime."

"So much the worse, then," said Whittlemore, continuing to open letters as if he were merely trying to get rid of an undesirable customer while he looked over the morning's mail. "Still, the matter is entirely in your hands; if you care so little for your daughter as to be willing that her name shall appear in all the newspapers in connection with that of a defaulter, a criminal, or whatever else you may choose to call me, I suppose I can't prevent it. Fathers are strange animals—when their pockets run into their affections. The ancient Romans used to—"

"Hang the ancient Romans!" roared Mr. Boggs, once more dashing out of the counting-room, while Whittlemore abstracted from the morning correspondence a check large enough to get himself and his wife to some place of safety and maintain them there until the storm should blow over—could he quickly forge the firm's indorsement and get the check cashed.

In an hour or two Mr. Boggs returned with his daughter. The old man led the young woman to the desk where her husband stood as placid and self-collected as if nothing had happened which would not be entirely proper inside the gates of heaven. Then Mr. Boggs roared:

"There's the villain who's ruined our firm!"

"There's my husband," said Mrs. Whittlemore, approaching the wicked young man and throwing her arms around him. Then Whittlemore broke down, and told his wife that everything her father had said about him was true, but that he loved her and would love only her to the end of his life. And Mrs. Whittlemore, being newly married to a man who really loved her, and whom she honestly loved, insisted that if her father were to charge her husband with dishonesty she herself would swear in any court that her husband was a saint and her father a villain.

"It's no use," groaned Boggs, at the end of the interview.

"A man can wrap a woman around his little finger and keep her there to the end of the world and after. You've got to be one of us, Whittlemore; but if you ever handle a check again without I see it you will be a smarter man than I, and I don't believe you're that."

"Anything," said Whittlemore, in his customary airy manner, "so long as my wife's name—your daughter's name—doesn't get into the newspapers."

"Hang you!" the old man exploded, "I don't know whether you're a man or an infernal hypocrite."

"Split the difference, then," suggested Whittlemore, in the bland manner which would have been worth many thousands to the firm had there been nothing wrong at the beginning.

So the business remains as it was to this day. The firm of Boggs, Stubbs & Co. is not what it was, but Whittlemore is its expert adviser—without recourse to the cash—and the bride's father dines with the happy couple every Sunday, and he admires his son-in-law while under his influence and calls him all sorts of bad names afterward. As for Whittlemore, he is a gentleman of leisure instead of a criminal behind the bars; and although he loves his wife dearly, he frequently congratulates himself on the shameful little game which saved him from the many punishments which he deserved.

THE GAME OF POLO.

POLO, which is now so popular in America, owes its introduction into this country to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who brought over some mallets and balls from England in 1876, and experimented with them at Dickel's Riding Academy. The same year, however, the Westchester Polo Club was organized and a clubhouse and stables built, and after that the game progressed steadily in social favor. Our illustration of a Newport Game shows a number of the most prominent players of the time, including Mr. Bennett, Herman and Harry Gelrichs, William P. Douglas, S. S. Howland, William Jay, F. G. Griswold, Fairman Rogers, John Mott, Viscount Mandeville and Winthrop Thorne, all well-known society men.

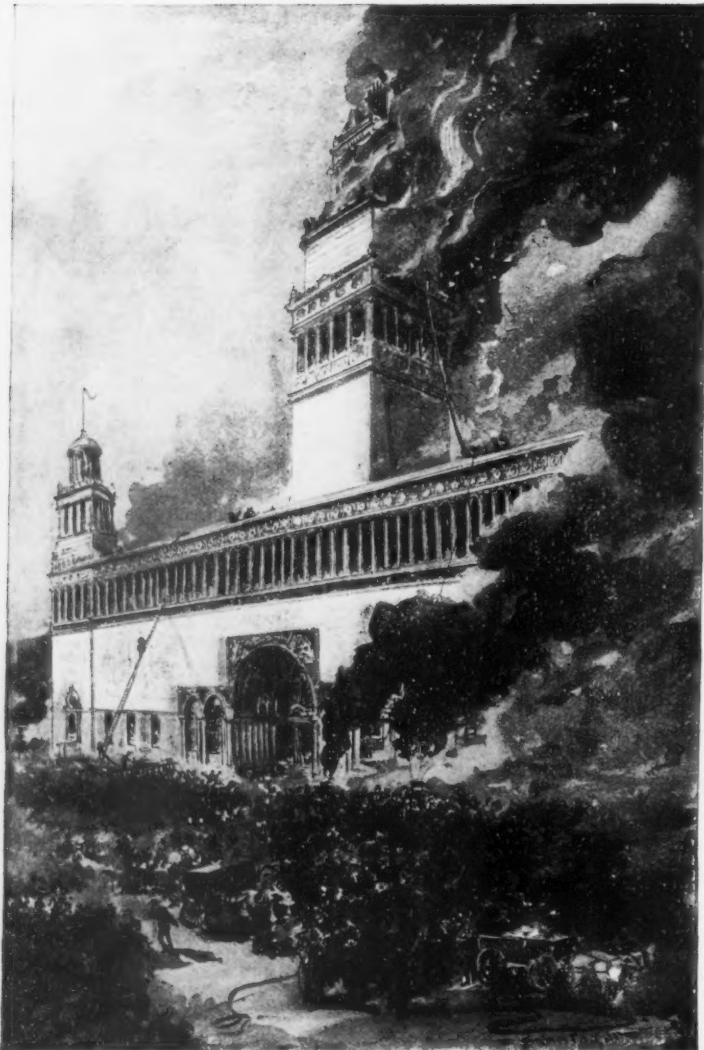
In less than twenty years from the organization of the first club the game has advanced so rapidly that the Polo Association at present includes no fewer than fourteen clubs, as follows: Country Club of Westchester; Essex County Country Club, Orange, N. J.; Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Long Island, N. Y.; Morris County Country Club, Morristown, N. J.; Philadelphia Polo Club, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rockaway Club, Cedarhurst, Long Island, N. Y.; Westchester Polo Club, Newport, R. I.; Oyster Bay Polo Club, Oyster Bay, Long Island, N. Y.; Myopia Polo Club, Hamilton, Mass.; Harvard Polo Club, Cambridge, Mass.; Hingham Polo Club, Hingham, Mass.; Tuxedo Polo Club, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.; Country Club of Brookline, Brookline, Mass., and Country Club of St. Louis, St. Louis, Mo.—(See page 9.)

PEDRO ERILLO, aged 100 years, has just died in Mexico, leaving four hundred descendants. He was the father of Mexico's 400, you see Mr. McAllister.

CURE DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION

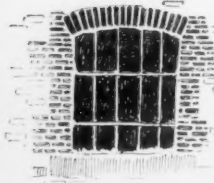
and Chronic Nervous Diseases. Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the great Nerve Tonic, by a newly discovered principle, also cures stomach, liver and kidney diseases, through the nerves that govern these organs. Book and samples free for 2¢ stamp.

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THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT THE COLD-STORAGE BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

OLD NEW YORK PRISON RELICS.



AN OLD PRISON WINDOW.

It is always gratifying to find a community giving expression to sentiment. Particularly must this be the case with regard to New York, which has never been accused of being over-generously supplied with the article. Recent evidences, however, go to show that the metropolis is not absolutely devoid of sentiment, one of these being the general public interest awakened in the fate of the City Hall, and the other the case now to be related.

At the junction at Pearl Street of Rose and Vandewater Streets there is just being completed one of the tallest among the many gigantic business structures for which New York is becoming famous. This building stands on what used to be a part of the old Rhinelander farm, and there, too, was the Rhinelander sugar house. During the Revolution, while the British were occupying New York, the necessity for accommodations for the large numbers of prisoners in the hands of the British drew upon every available structure of the kind. The "Bridewell," which stood on the "Commons," now known as the City Hall Park, was soon overcrowded, and so was the "New Jail" near by, being, in fact, our present Hall of Records. After these the sugar houses were made available, the one best known for the horrors which made this period of its existence memorable being located in Liberty Street. This was a stone building, six stories high, with small, deep windows and a high board fence inclosing a small yard. Then there were the "Prison Ships," which, besides the Jersey, the best-known of them, included a dozen other old hulks which at different times were moored in the Wallabout, usually two or three at a time, and served as floating prisons. Among these were the *Good Hope*, *Whitby*, *Prince of Wales*, *Scorpion*, *Stromboli* and others.

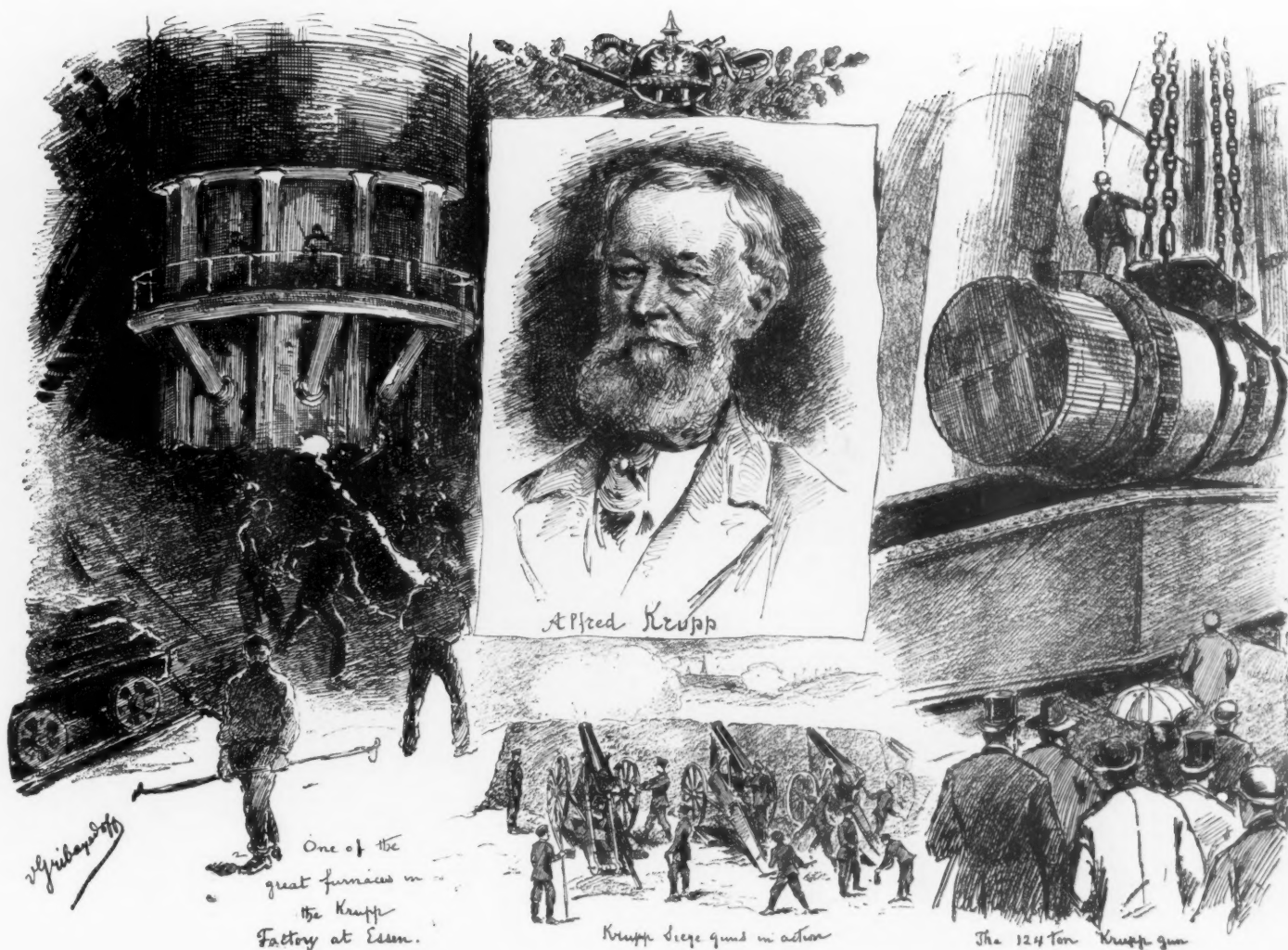
In 1780 the prisoners on board the *Good Hope* set fire to the vessel, with the belief that, in the confusion, they might make their escape. In this, however, they were unsuccessful, and the leaders were taken on shore and lodged in the new jail. This was also called the "Provost," from having been the headquarters of the infamous provost-marshal, Cunningham. Among his prisoners at one time, by the way, was Ethan Allen. Finally the Old Brick Church on Beekman Street and the Middle Dutch Church, which was afterward the Post-Office, were both used as prisons.

The bit of sympathetic recognition referred to in the beginning of this article is to be found in the tall business structure there mentioned. The memory of the Rhinelander's sugar house is there kept "green" by a very original and pretty device. Around the main entrance are set in stones from the old structure, forming an arch, while to the left of this entrance, just around the corner in Rose Street, may be seen, embossed, as it were, a small, deep window with iron bars, set in its original stone casing and bricked around.

THERE is nothing small about the Land & Colonization Companies in Mexico. One of them, the Land & Colonization Society of Lower California, owns 16,000,000 acres, with a small fleet of iron steamboats. Some day that vast place may become an independent state, with Gloster Armstrong of Dublin as its president or king.



ART ON THE EAST SIDE—THE LOAN COLLECTION AT THE DELANCEY STREET ART GALLERY.



HERR ALFRED KRUPP, THE GREAT GERMAN GUN MAKER.
(See page 15.)

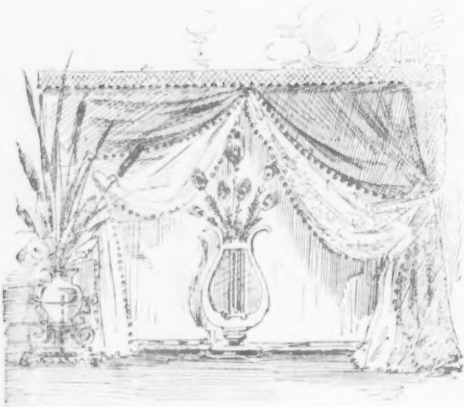


FINISH OF THE COWBOY RACE TO THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT FOR A GRATE.

It began in the spring. We kept thinking that directly we would buy China silk, and put a long dounce or curtain around the ugly black mantel and thus hide everything, but somehow the vision did not fill our souls with unmixed delight. The idea seemed to savor too much of bedrooms, and the inevitable packing-box disguised in chintz as a dressing-table, and underneath a howling chaos of shoes and blacking.

Other arrangements suggested themselves, such as those in the illustrations, but insuperable difficulties stood in the way of each. The artistic one could not be made to



see the relation between a palm and a stork, and the committee of ways and means thought the ornamental fitment and accessories for the second design might come expensive.

So there was that yawning blackness still openly regarding us, whenever we entered our otherwise artistic little drawing-room, and summer was in the land. "We might lay the fire, all ready for the first chill days," said the genius whose temperament was foglike and who gloated over a cheerful blaze.

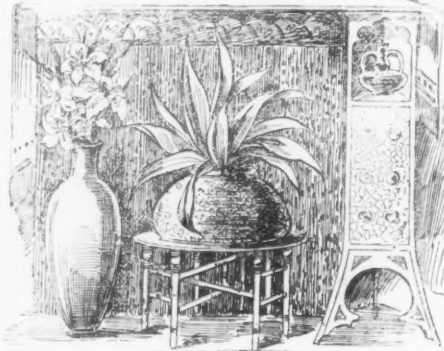
"Even a prospective fire is not a lovely thing to contemplate when the mercury is up in the world," said the artistic one. "I do not take kindly to the swaddling clothes myself, but I can't quite see any other way out of the difficulty."

We thrilled with despair; for heretofore the artistic



one had always fallen into the breach and covered up holes or ugly things in a way comforting to our souls and finances. And was she now to fail us?

Then the flower-lover rushed to the rescue, and the carpenter's, and in this manner settled the difficulty. She had a perforated wooden box made to fit the grate. It was perforated so as to drain into the ash dump; and in this box she planted of all ye green things upon the earth that do not care particularly for sunlight and that grow like



the classic bean-stalk; and directly they were at it climbing like mad.

"In fact," remarked the genius, who loved to boil down her words, "they have *clim* an inch while I have been watching them," which was distinct hyperbole.

The grate wilderness blossomed as the rose, and the cool darkness made it just the place for ferns, which were planted with reckless abandon; and soon their graceful



fronds waved to and fro as though they were glad of our rapture.

People raved about it.

The genius wrote a poem from its inspiration, which was accepted with a check.

The domestic one culled therefrom for her dinner-table.

And the artistic one gnashed her teeth because she had not thought of it first.

L. E. CHITTENDEN.

MR. CLEVELAND's health continues to improve, the fish continue to bite at Buzzard's Bay, and that message to Congress will no doubt be strong.

No Anti-Pyrine in Bromo-Seltzer.

Cures all headaches—Trial bottle, 10 cts.

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Over Eleven Thousand Ladies Called at Mme. Ruppert's Parlors in New York City Last Week.

MME. RUPPERT did last week what no one has ever before accomplished—she actually gave away, as she agreed to do in her announcements in last week's papers, to callers at her various offices in different parts of the United States, over ninety thousand sample bottles of her world-renowned Face Bleach. Mme. Ruppert did this to prove to all interested that her preparation was the most wonderful and, in fact, the only preparation known that will harmlessly and effectually remove all blemishes of the complexion, including moth, freckles, sallowness, pimples, acne, eczema, blackheads, oiliness, roughness, or, in fact, any discoloration or disease of the skin; also wrinkles (not caused by facial expression called lines). It does NOT cover up, as cosmetics do, but is a permanent cure.

See that all your purchases bear both the photograph and signature of Mme. A. Ruppert in full on label.



THIS WEEK, to prove beyond all question the superiority of her exquisite ALMOND OIL COMPLEXION SOAP over ALL others, she will present a bar FREE to all purchasers of her world-renowned Face Bleach. This liberal offer also applies to ladies at a distance who order by mail, as well as callers. I send Face Bleach to all parts of the world, securely packed in plain wrappers, free from observation, on receipt of price—one bottle \$2.00, or three bottles, usually required in severe cases, \$5.00. MME. A. RUPPERT'S well-known book, "How to Be Beautiful," of which more than three million copies are now in circulation, will be sent, on receipt of 6 cents in postage.

Mme. Ruppert will send again this week a sample bottle of her wonderful Face Bleach to all ladies living outside the city, who could not send last week, on receipt of 25c., cost of sending. Call on or address all communications

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HERREN FRIEDRICH AND ALFRED KRUPP.

THE announcement that Herr Friedrich Krupp, the head of the greatest cannon foundry in the world, sailed from Germany on July 8, bound for the Chicago World's Fair, has aroused great interest in this country. The vast gun works of Essen, in Westphalia, have made the name of Krupp a household word in every land, and to-day it may be said to have gained an added lustre, for the 124-ton gun, built at Essen for the Italian Government, forms one of the most wonderful among the many marvelous attractions of the great Chicago Exposition. Herr Krupp brings with him a party of engineers and other prominent officers attached to the staff of his great foundry. The expedition numbers twenty individuals, representative of all that is most advanced in the field of military invention. They have accepted an invitation from the great iron masters of Pittsburgh, and incidentally they will visit Chicago.

The story of this wonderful race of cannon builders is cherished in Germany with a no less reverence than that accorded to the legends of national heroes.

To-day, 21,000 men, estimated to be the bread-winners for 53,000 women, children and aged persons, are dependent on the Krupp industries, and thus we discover the remarkable fact that the Duke of Salmburg-Lippe, brother-in-law of Emperor Wilhelm, rules over a principality whose population is smaller than the "subjects" of the great Essen cannon king.

The original Friedrich Krupp belonged to an excellent family of the Protestant bourgeoisie of Essen. He felt within him the impulse of an inventor, to which at first he paid no heed, electing rather to start in life as the proprietor of a grocery store. Later, however, he was the first to introduce into Germany the manufacture of molten steel, a process which he brought to perfection by experimenting upon the original English method. Though by this enterprise he spread the fame of his name and made for his factory a European reputation, he died in 1826 practically bankrupt, at the early age of thirty-nine.

Alfred Krupp, the eldest son of Friedrich, was called to great responsibilities when, at the early age of fourteen, he assumed charge of his mother's affairs, and found himself with the care of a family upon his hands. For twenty-five years he led a life of anxiety. He undertook to continue the work of the factory with a staff of four men. This was in 1826, and within six years he had ten employees, increasing the number to 122 in 1845. The Revolution of 1848 plunged the iron industries of Germany into a condition of chaos, and so keenly did Alfred Krupp feel the stress of the times that the old family heirlooms of gold and silver plate were sold in order to raise money.

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Gen. Pass. Agt., Gen. East. Pass. Agt.,
Baltimore, 415 Broadway,
Md. New York.

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If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma who send their name and address on a postcard. Write to them.

A Peerless Beauty.

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BLUSH OF A ROSE?

These are charms of complexion which invariably result from the use of

Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

This wonderful purifying agent removes blotches, pimples, tan and every trace of beauty-marring defects, and gives to the plainest features a complexion which is a perfect DREAM OF LOVELINESS.

For Sale by DRUGGISTS all Over the World.

Glenn's Soap will be sent by mail for 30 cts. for one cake, or 75 cts. for three cakes, by C. N. CRITTETON, Sole Proprietor, 115 Fulton Street, New York City.

In 1843 Alfred Krupp sent to the War Minister models of a musket, his own invention. The muskets, rapid-firing and with steel barrels, were returned to him without being inspected. Krupp speedily sent them on to War Minister Soult of France. Official tests demonstrated their merits, and Prussia, taking the cue from France, made trials on her own account, resulting in the production of the Dreyse needle-gun. Krupp had, however, neglected to patent his ideas, and so he lost the benefit of them. Then he resolved to make cannons instead of rifles. He had meantime invented a successful railway car wheel, the return from which enabled him to stand the cost of his experiments in artillery.

With the results of his inventive labors the world is familiar. Novelty of construction was joined to a new process of amalgamating metal, and the ordinance thus produced ushered in a new era in artillery. The Franco-Prussian War demonstrated to mankind the efficiency of Krupp cannon, especially during the bombardment of the forts around Paris. Friedrich Krupp, present head of the Essen foundries, and the visitor Americans hope to welcome within the next few days, worthily sustains the traditional reputation of the great name and the mighty weapons of warfare which bear it.—(See page 13.)

CAN THE EARTH GET OVER-CROWDED?

QU' EN PENSEZ-VOUS, M. FLAMMARION?

TO THE EDITOR "ONCE A WEEK":

WHEN will the earth become over-crowded?

Some pseudo-political economists maintain that it is so now.

That idea is perennial.

A generation ago Henry Colman wrote compassionately of the "excess of population" in London. I believe there were then about a million and a half inhabitants in that city.

I mention this to show that a man of excellent judgment may be misled by having no object for comparison. Mr. Colman had never seen a larger city than the London of that day, and considered it impracticable.

So the world we speak of to-day as "inhabited" may appear to our descendants as a howling wilderness, and we may be referred to by future historians as "primal man."

There are now on earth more people than

ONE BILLION.

It is hardly fair to regard the world as fully peopled, until all the arable land is placed under cultivation. When that is done there will be ample support for at least another billion—making, say,

TWO BILLIONS.

A useful plant might grow where a weed thrives. I am jumping at figures; but, from my observation, when agriculture is reduced to such a science as to exclude weeds the crops will be doubled. The earth will then be capable of maintaining

FOUR BILLIONS.

Wild and domestic animals must consume at least half the vegetation used for food. If by that time we find we are too crowded, and the question arises whether men or beasts shall go, men will have all to say, and the poor beasts will become extinct. That will leave room for

EIGHT BILLIONS.

By that time some new scheme will have to be devised, and I hope some one will be thoughtful enough to paste the article in a scrap-book for the benefit of the sages of that period. About half the land surface of the earth consists of mountainous and rough tracts. We will have to take them away and make farms where the hills and mountains stood, and perhaps put a glass roof over the Poles and Frigid Zones to protect from the inclement weather the population which has been crowded in that direction. Accommodations have now been provided for

SIXTEEN BILLIONS.

That putting glass over the Poles was a happy thought. Why not cover the whole earth with glass, and thus bring the weather completely under the control of man? Surely, all these billions struggling for existence could afford to do that, since it would enable the agriculturist to cultivate his crops the year round. Three ordinary crops would grow in a year without a winter, and it would furnish food for at least twice as many, or

THIRTY-TWO BILLIONS.

Now all the land is occupied, and emigration to the other planets, we will suppose, has not yet been rendered feasible. But, stay! We took up those mountains and forgot to put them down again. Perhaps we can utilize them. Buried in those mountains we may depend on finding enough gold and silver or other non-corroding metals—aluminum or some substance yet to be discovered—to build some barges, by means of which we will cover the sea with floating gardens, grinding up the mountains to make the soil. At least, we can float enough among the archipelagoes of the Pacific Ocean to double the inhabitable surface of the earth—enough for

SIXTY-FOUR BILLIONS.

If a third of the water can be covered, why not the rest? If it can be, it will provide room for

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT BILLIONS.

If the race still shows a tendency to increase and multiply, we must permit the farmers to constitute the upper crust of

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constipation,
dyspepsia, jaundice,
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the stomach, liver,
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society, while artisans and brain-workers go underground and work by electricity, and have fresh air pumped to them. Having now provided room on the earth and sustenance for

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX BILLIONS

of people, the writer feels that his responsibility is ended, and will leave to others the task of finding the people. In view of the above figures, it does not seem really necessary at present to restrict immigration or matrimony.

AWAY-AHEAD-OF-HIS-TIME.

It is reported from employment bureaus that fifty thousand men are out of work in New York City. Many of these are transients, and the great bulk are not idle for a very long time at a stretch. Still the figures are rather alarming. There must be much hunger and suffering for dependent ones in such a sum total. And yet wealth and enterprise seem to be, if anything, too active in furnishing employment. At any rate such is the lesson of recent failures of promoted enterprises in both commerce and manufactures. The inference is plain. Where there's room, in the unoccupied public lands, the natural wealth of the nation's soil, forests and streams is feeding the worms, the birds, the weeds and the fishes—and man cometh not; where there is no room and men crowd one another for a crust, in the great cities, there are not crusts enough to go round. The unemployed must spread out. But capital must help them out. It will be cheaper in the end than feeding them on crusts.

MR. WILFRID WARD, in the Life of his father, entitled "William George Ward and the Catholic Revival," tells a good story illustrating the wit and shrewdness of Pius IX. The elder Ward had an extraordinary career. After being admitted to holy orders he repudiated his vows and married a wife. Subsequently, when the Seminarists of Old Hall Hertfordshire wanted a professor of dogmatic theology, Ward had the hardihood to offer himself for the post. There was naturally some violent opposition; but as the applicant for the vacancy was a man of acknowledged ability and large property, it went hard with the struggling community to refuse the offer of his services. The case was referred to Pius IX. for decision, stress being laid on the fact that Ward was a married layman. Turning to one of the bishops who protested loudly against the appointment, the Pope made this characteristic speech: "It is a novel objection to any one who is engaged in the work of God that he has received one Sacrament which neither you nor I can possibly receive."

So Ward got his professorship of dogmatic theology, and held it with honor for many years.

SENATOR VOORHEES thinks the extra session of Congress will have more than a year's work to do before it adjourns. That will bring it up to the next campaign for the election of Representatives. Can Representatives afford to be away from home while their rivals are still hunting for the nomination throughout their districts? Certainly. Washington City is a better place to secure a renomination than Washington or even Pike County, if the Representative goes about it in the right way.

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HUSBAND—"Well, I waited for morning, so I could get home early."

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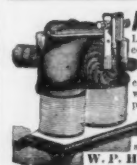
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STEADY WORK AT HOME. CITY OR COUNTRY. PARTICULARS FREE. APPLICATION. L. WHITE & CO. 29 State St. Chicago, Ill.

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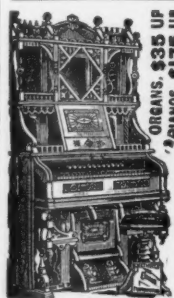
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